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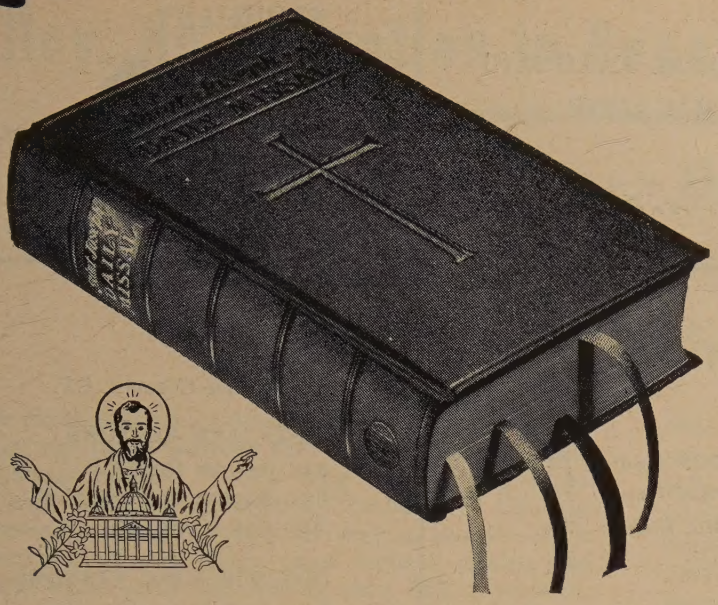

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The Sign
NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE
Monastery Place, Union City, N. J.

FEBRUARY 1953
VOL. 32 No. 7

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This is the popular, sound "SERIES 500" Limited Accident and Sickness Policy which thousands of men and women are carrying, all over the country—it pays $25 a week for 10 weeks for total disability resulting from certain specified accidents and sicknesses; AN ADDITIONAL $25 A WEEK for 4 weeks from the first day of disability, for accidents requiring hospital confinement; up to $25 cash for doctor bills (at the rate of $3 per visit) even for a minor accident such as a cut finger. In case of accidental death the policy pays $1,000.00 cash to your beneficiary. Accident benefits effective from date of policy. Sickness benefits effective 30 days from date of policy.

In addition, the policy covers many sicknesses including pneumonia, cancer, diabetes, tuberculosis, polio, ulcer of stomach or intestines, and operation for removal of appendix, hemorrhoids, gall bladder, kidney and prostate, paying the weekly benefit after the first seven days of confinement to either home or hospital.

This new policy also has a double indemnity feature covering travel accidents. You receive $50 a week if disabled by an accident in a bus, taxicab, train, subway or street car, and $75 a week if the accident requires hospital confinement. The death benefit increases to $2,000.00 if caused by a travel accident.

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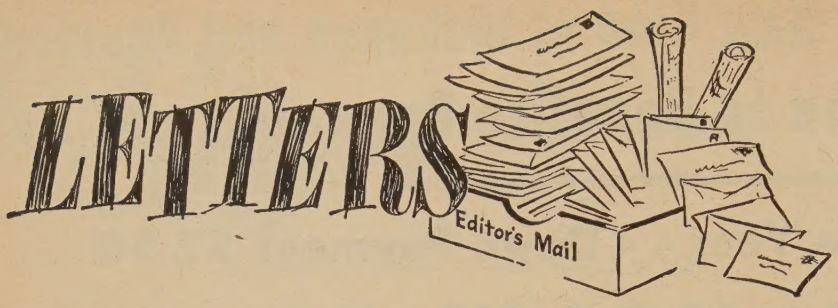

No Apology

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In the December issue there appears a photograph of three generations praying at the creche. The caption reads "adore the image of the Christ Child."

Surely this is a typographical error or a bad bit of proofreading.

LAURENCE J. TORLEY

NUTLEY, N. J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is neither a typographical error nor bad proofreading. The word "adore" here is correct in the strict liturgical sense. Both the image of Christ on the Cross (cf. Good Friday) and the image of Christ in the Crib are treated with the same veneration, even to the incensing of the same. Hence the word "adore" is proper to both.

Bishop's Plea

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I would very much like, through your columns, to get in touch with American Catholics of Welsh birth or extraction.

At the moment we are trying to foster devotion to and to obtain the canonization of Blessed Richard Gwyn, the Protomartyr of Wales after the Reformation. He was martyred on October 17th, 1584 because he was a Catholic schoolmaster. I feel sure that Catholics of Welsh ancestry would be interested.

Should any of your readers be of Welsh birth or extraction and care to write to me personally I shall be delighted to reply to them.

RT. REV. JOHN E. PETIT, D.D., M.A.
BISHOP OF MENEVIA

BISHOP'S HOUSE,
WREXHAM,
WALES.

Gratitude

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I am very grateful to you for having directed to me a gift subscription to THE SIGN Magazine, donated by the Catholic Daughters of America.

THE SIGN Magazine is surely one of the best Catholic magazines in the country. The inmates of the Catholic congregation of our State prison here are most anxious to read every copy they can get. Also non-Catholics read it.

REV. RICHARD GRUNENBERG
CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN

MICHIGAN CITY, IND.

Old Folks At Home

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

We, a family of four, are honored to have my widowed mother living with us. She is a mere 52 with more pep than the average 18-year-old and shows no sign of giving in to old age.

All is not peaches and cream in our household at all times and we have even almost come to the parting of ways more than once during the past four years of our married life. There are definite disadvantages, but measured with the advantages, they seem few.

Can you imagine Christ scorning His beloved parents who raised Him with such gentle and loving care? I cannot.

MRS. THOMAS FEE

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:
TO MRS. A. K.:

Your recent suggestion about an article for in-laws living with married children is excellent. My mother-in-law has lived with us since we were married eleven years ago. Although she's a darling, still she was always a *third* party. Tim and I argued so often, due to her presence, until we just *had* to set down rules. I've shortened them a bit for publication. (1) Do not try to tell the young couple what to do. (2) Do not spend all your time at home. Give them a few evenings alone in the privacy of their living room. (3) Do not give orders to the grandchildren. (4) Do not sit around when they entertain young friends. (5) Do not expect special attention, abide by the family routine. (6) Cultivate friends your own age.

I do hope, Mrs. A. K., that this will help.

MRS. T. M.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Never No More!

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I've always thought your magazine interesting and among the very best of our Catholic magazines. But I am objecting to one item of news, "Let's go to Press" and the boost you gave Walter Winchell. This is one culprit that I was wishing his bad heart would be weak enough to keep him at home for the rest of his mortal days. I don't feel that our Catholic magazines should even mention him. All success to your magazine but let's leave the Winchells out.

CLARA B. LEISURE, R.N.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Spanish Policy

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Your article on Portugal appears to admirable. If that be dictatorship then is perhaps the most desirable of its kin Hardly one at all with free speech a opposition allowed and encouraged. But abhor most emphatically your continuo favorable comments on the adjacent cou try's regime. The continued acceptance Franco's activities in spite of the eviden of farcical trials and the execution of i nocent people is, to borrow a religio phrase, blasphemous.

C. L. HAYT

TORONTO, ONT.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

There are still many people who a victims of prejudiced reporting on a things Spanish. Does not the paramou task of every country consist in defendi its national genius, culture, and Christia traditions against soul-destroying Marxis The Spanish civil war was a life-and-dea struggle between Moscow and the re Spain. Why then should she be reduced the Cinderella of Europe for having do her duty? The present regime can only l regarded as a temporary solution. T patriotic Spaniards are certainly plannin for the future. So are the rulers of t Kremlin, who are on the alert and will r new their attempts at foistering a Co munist dictatorship upon this country i order to mend their failure of 1936.

It may seem strange that as an Austria by birth and a Frenchman by naturaliza tion, I should take such an interest in th relationship between Spain and the Eng lish-speaking countries. But all this is ju part and parcel of my general feeling tha we all belong together to the same Wes ern world with its age-old legacy of th Christian tradition, which is America's n less than Spain's or Europe's, but which i now in danger of being swept away b Communism expanding from the East.

I believe that the breaking down of th psychological barriers which stand in th way of a full and fruitful co-operation be tween America and Europe can not b overemphasized as the greatest need of th Western world.

There is much loose talk on the part o many unreasonable Europeans who fee frustrated because of the shifting of th world's center of gravity from Europe t the United States. The general carpin attitude of America toward Spain does no help in this situation at all.

AUGUSTE MOESLINGE

Epinal, Vosges, France.

Chuckles

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

What chuckles Paul Hume provoke with his clever and understanding develop ment of his complete conversion. As convert, I appreciated his article.

I hope we have the pleasure of more o his writing.

FRANK A. JOST, JR

EVANSTON, ILL.

(*Continued on page* 80)

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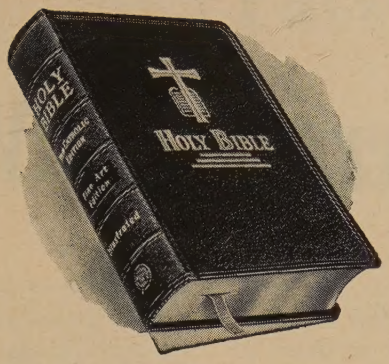

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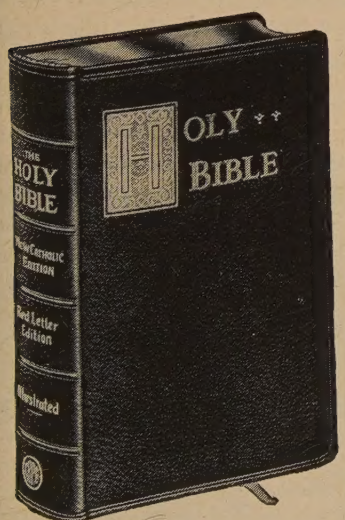

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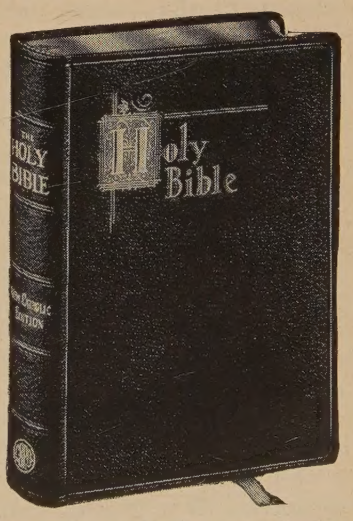

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Editor's page

Democracy for Whom?

WE Americans are irked by foreign criticism. We must admit, however, that at times we have it coming to us. Take our attitude toward democracy, for instance. On this subject many Americans have juvenile notions. Democracy has worked well here for nearly 180 years. Therefore it is good. Therefore it is good for every nation, everywhere, right now.

Many go so far as to make democracy a religious cult, just as the Reds have made a religion of Communism. The sermons and public pronouncements of many Protestant ministers equate Christianity and democracy; in fact they make Christianity secondary. Christianity is acceptable only in so far as it supports democracy.

This religion of democracy has its Valhalla, inhabited by the founding fathers of the Republic. Its slogan is Lincoln's "government of the people, by the people, for the people," (without Lincoln's qualifying phrase "under God"). Its first great crusade was World War I, in which the democraphiles led us to battle with Wilson's soothing assurances in our ears that we were making the world safe for democracy. Now these people are fired by the conviction that democracy is the religion of the future and that America is its apostle to the world.

This is not just a matter of easy-chair theorizing. It isn't mere philosophical hair-splitting on the relative value of various forms of government. It's a very practical business, one which can lead to tragic consequences.

There is a race disturbance in South Africa, a hunger strike in India, a native rising in Kenya, a political riot in North Africa, a revolution in Malaya, an outbreak against a colonial power anywhere in the world, and our crusading worshipper of democracy girds on his shining armor and trumpets the call to battle. The issues are clear-cut; no investigation is needed; democracy is at stake.

Our democraphile never stops to think that democracy is a growth that must be cultivated for generations and that it demands a literate and fairly homogeneous population. He never considers that if a colony is left to its own devices too soon, foreign rulers are replaced by native dictators and despoilers. It never occurs to him that what he believes to be a genuine native movement for freedom may be a Red-inspired effort to cause trouble and to shut off the West from its sources of vital materials.

Take just a few samples of what we mean. China is a good example of the operation of this mentality. With a complete lack of tradition in democracy and a largely illiterate population, it was absurd to think that China could become a true democracy for generations to come. But because Chiang Kai-shek didn't and couldn't remake the country overnight into a democracy, we sold him and his 450,000,000 people down the river. Then, like Pontius Pilate washing his hands before the bleeding figure of Christ, we got out a White Paper proclaiming our innocence.

We are rightly repelled by the bigotry of Dr. Malan and his Nationalists in South Africa, but it does not follow that semisavage blacks are capable of self-government. In the recent difficulties in the U. N., we started out by siding with the Arabs of Tunisia and Morocco, thus alienating the French. After we had gone into the matter, we got a last-minute onset of common sense, realized that neither country was ready for independence, and ended up by siding with the French, thus offending the Arabs.

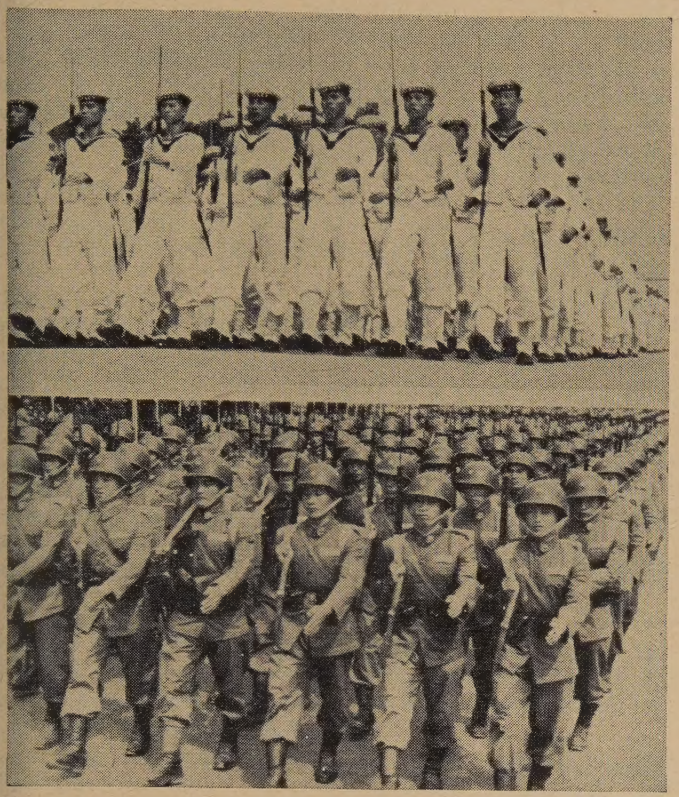
WE don't mean at all that democracy isn't good. We don't imply that it isn't the best system of government devised by the mind of man. We do mean, however, that we should not be guided in our international relations by the puerile notion that democracy is the best system of government for all peoples, circumstances, times, and places. We do mean that we Americans have not been given the divine mission to convert the world to democracy.

There has been very little real democracy throughout history, there is very little in the world today, and there will probably be very little in the foreseeable future. If we Americans face the facts in this matter, we shall avoid many costly errors in our relations with the rest of the world.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.

Current Fact and Comment

EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT



United Press

The well-trained armed forces of Nationalist China march on Formosa. The new administration would do well to allow these troops to fight with our U.N. forces in Korea.

Religious News

It's a big jump from civilian to military life. To prepare Catholic boys, Bishop Wright of Worcester, Mass., has inaugurated pre-induction courses in all high schools.

India Ogles The Wicked West

INDIA aspires to be leader and spokesman for Asia. Seasoned diagnosticians of Indian politics have said so. India, itself, has confirmed this estimate by its doughty attempts at East-West arbitration. In the U.N., it has dropped affectionate hints about Red China's merit as a prospective member of that body. It has also striven to mediate the Korean War.

The implication in these hitherto uncrowned diplomatic efforts is that India is wiser about the fidgety West than other Orientals and wiser about the cryptic East than we. A further implication is that if India is trusted by both East and West with the fastidious job of mediating peace, then India must be ethically a paragon, an ace, a candidate —in the order of statesmanship—for the most-valuable-player award.

At the same time, in the narrower field of domestic diplomacy, India is displaying an ethical judgment on a level with those who write letters to Santa Claus and dress like Gene Autry.

India is organizing sex perversion among its citizens. Endeavoring to popularize birth prevention—that mass sterility which introduces into the decent and delicate environment of sex certain pharmaceutical props which debase romance to a kind of chemical engineering or budget spending.

This is an economic tactic, the quality of which intrigues us. India aims to provide for Indians by not having Indians to provide for. Doctors might achieve the same success rating in the treatment of arterio-sclerosis by killing off the public with polio and scarlet fever before it reaches the life span when the arteries begin to clog. It is the simple process of preventing the headache by removing the head. Fires could be dealt with in the same way. By the easy expedient of getting rid of houses, clothing, heating fuel, and other combustibles.

The program gets effects. But it isn't very smart.

It isn't even original. Artificially induced sterility is economic vomit, spewed in the West in what the West secretly recognizes to be an unholy compromise with weakness and hypocrisy. India can hardly grow in prestige with the West by aping this flabbiness of ours and then not seeing the point.

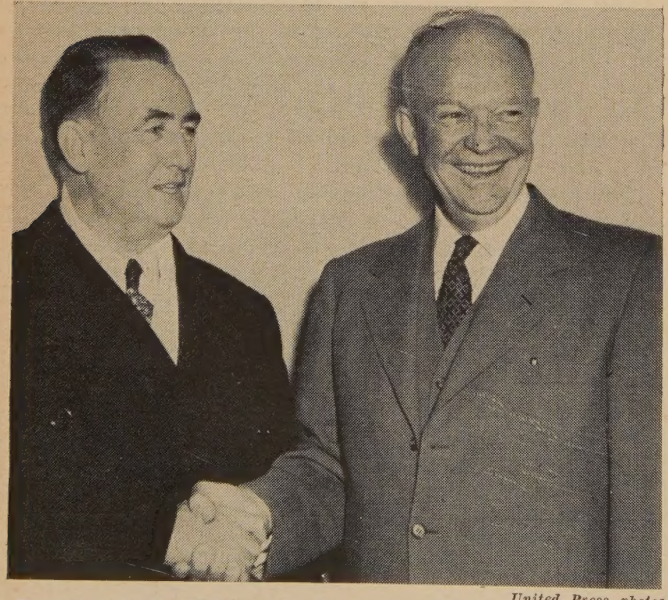
Social Solvency Via Sin

A MORE serious smutch on India's pretensions to wisdom and integrity is its recent investment in the promotion of divorce. Divorce is against the traditional morality of India. By his religion, the Hindu who divorces violates his conscience. Nevertheless, in this matter also, India has peeped credulously at Western conventions and aped a Western vice.

Religious News

Rev. Thomas Fitzgerald of Chicago at Congressional Investigation of indecent literature. Father rightly stated that this literature is causing damage of eternal proportions.

Besides the war in Korea, the French are fighting a long and bloody war with the Reds in Indo-China. Above, French soldiers pay their respects to a recently fallen comrade.



United Press photos

Faced with the difficult problem of selecting a competent Secretary of Labor, President Eisenhower chose wisely in appointing the experienced labor leader, Martin P. Durkin.

This vice is more openly admitted as such by the West. Clergymen who boast of using the Bible as their rule of Christian conduct will flatly contradict the Bible by advocating anti-birth chemistry and mechanics. But they are forced to confess that American divorce is a disgraceful thing.

Here again, India has made it impossible for the West to admire her. For here again she is a johnny-come-lately, a mimic. Here again she is not being stronger than the West. She is adopting another western weakness. And again, because the weakness—in her case—is secondhand, there is something doubly weak about it.

We are disappointed with India. Disappointed for this reason: Western morale is petering out and, barring a miracle, has no promise. Our society is like a fighter in the ring who, fat and untrained, is so tired that he doesn't even try to raise his arms in self-defense.

The East, however, is on the make. It has political youth and drive and a vision of achievement, now that the leash of colonialism has been unclipped from its collar. We had hoped that India would keep her own virtues, while supplementing them with the virtues which we have to offer. The industrial know-how of the West and the spiritual sensitivity of the East would make an unbeatable social combination. Would alert the East for the visitation both of God and prosperity.

Mr. Nehru, however, seems not to want it that way. He is not anxious to assimilate our industrial good health and immunize India against our diseases of conscience. He is not willing to settle for such Western commodities as bulldozers, supermarkets, and chlorophyll. He is bidding also for drug store infertility and wife swapping.

That seems to be what he is making of his opportunities as a statesman, supervising the adolescence of a new nation. He is poking through the moral junkyard of the ailing West and salvaging for his people the ethical equivalent of our broken legs, damaged livers, and bad breath.

Man And The Machine

THE phrase "man and the machine" might be considered as the central theme of the Pope's Christmas message. By the machine, we do not mean the mechanical monsters which are the marvel of our day. Our reference rather is to a social and economic machine which has been built up in recent years. Society, by its very nature, is made up of human beings. It is an organization of people who think, feel, and decide.

Since society is by its nature human, it is a contradiction to refer to it as a machine. This is the precise point of the Holy Father's message. We have so perverted our organizations that, instead of serving man, they dominate him. The individual is lost sight of in the mass. This is not a new complaint on the part of the Supreme Pontiff. But on Christmas he offered some extremely pointed illustrations of his theme.

Most striking, perhaps, was the section on unionism. The Pope considered as one of the main functions of the union, the protection of the worker against concentrated economic power. It is the defender of his personal rights when he is in conflict with an impersonal system. But what happens when unions themselves become giant and impersonal organizations? What status has the individual worker in groups so large that individuals cease to count?

We could answer that the giant corporation in turn makes the giant union a necessity. This may well be the case, but it does not meet the objection of the Holy Father. The Pope likewise objects to domination of society by giant productive groups. He makes clear that he is not necessarily opposed to mass production and big business. But he feels

that such concentration should be the exception rather than the rule in industrial society.

As examples of the overly mechanical approach, the Pope refers to the related problems of poverty and unemployment. Nations plan for full employment in the statistical sense of the term. They want full use of resources, money, and men. But there is often too little thought about the human impact of these measures. Are the goods to be produced really useful? How will these measures affect families and their needs?

When poverty demands direct aid to needy families, again there is danger of an impersonal approach. The Christian law of charity, for example, is not fully met when we contribute in taxes or voluntary gifts to organized social agencies. These groups have their functions, particularly in financial aid, but only the individual can give "words of kindness and comfort."

The mechanical approach is also found in meeting the population problem. Many persons do not consider the legitimate desire of families to have children. Instead of helping such families, the trend is to preach birth control. In some countries welfare agencies put pressure on the needy to practice family limitation.

Should such families wish to emigrate to better surroundings, again they are encircled by the mechanical and mathematical approach of the times. Nations set arbitrary limits and quotas for immigration, based on some projected future productive capacity.

The remedy is clear. On all levels we must look beyond social institutions to the men and women who constitute them. The family, property, and voluntary social groups must be fostered and strengthened. We should build from the bottom up, not from the top down. When society is centered upon man, and man's Creator, it will become truly sound and useful.

In the conflict between free nations and the Communist world, we are rightly conscious of the iron regimentation imposed upon the victims of Communism. But we should not overlook similar tendencies in our own society. We may glory in our freedom, but we should also extend this freedom to all in our midst.

Dirt On The Bookstands

SOME weeks have gone by since the congressional committee which was studying the indecent literature problem turned in its report. That report ruled against control by public censorship. It urged that the publishing industry be given a chance to handle the problem voluntarily. Publication of salacious literature and other materials has taken on the proportions of a multi-million dollar business. No one is prepared to deny that such materials are getting into the hands of young people, with dire effect on them and the nation. The congressional investigators laid the blame for today's big business in literary filth at the door of the publishers. But it said publishers should be given a chance to clean house themselves.

This may be a fine idea—if it is done. But unless aroused parents and others watch sharply, nothing at all may happen. We must expect now that the publishers will get down seriously to the business of working out a code of decency with teeth in it so it will have a chance of being observed. If they don't, then some form of public regulation will have to be demanded; and publishers of indecency will have little room to object.

Parents, individuals, and interested organizations are left with a definite responsibility to see that this matter of a regulating code—either voluntary or imposed—is followed up. They can also:

(1) Demand action of the new Congress on two other

Harris & Ewing

Attorney General, Herbert Brownell, is briefed by predecessor, James McGranery. The latter is to be commended for his effective work in his short term in office.

When one's own country is not involved, debates in the U.N. can become rather soporific. Above, two delegates take refuge in sleep during French-Tunisian talks.

United Press photos

Acheson and Dulles discuss problems of the Secretary of State. We hope the new incumbent, Mr. Dulles, will inspire more confidence than his mysterious predecessor.

Religious News

Preparing for the day when Russia will be free, Jesuit Fathers at Fordham U. are instructing priests in Russian language and rites. Above, the chapel at the University.

Wide World

Little two-year-old Ann Holman of Lincoln, Nebraska, has solved the problem of baby sitting. She takes the words literally to the discomfort of her one-year-old brother.

recommendations of the committee: tighten present postal laws to keep obscene materials more effectively out of the mails, and ban interstate traffic in obscenity by private carrier.

(2) Contact local druggists and newsdealers. In many places a friendly visit from someone representing a parents' or church group has led to the merchant's willingly removing harmful matter from his stock.

(3) Encourage good reading. This can be done in the home and on the community level. If as a child one gets the good-reading habit, as a teen-ager one will be less likely to fall for trash and filth. At the same time, good reading habits will increase the demand for good books. The more it does that, the more it will pay publishers to provide good books. And that, in the last analysis, is the only kind of persuasion some of the publishers understand.

The Mote In Mr. McCarran's Eye

THE McCarran Act grated into gear and got off to a bumpy start, on December 24. Its activation brought testy criticism from Britain and France. The *Manchester Guardian* called it "a scandalous piece of illiberalism." Two hundred and seventy-one sailors of the French Liner, "Liberté," refused to answer Immigration officials' questions and sulked aboard ship during the "Liberté's" holiday stay in New York.

Like any product of fallible human contriving, the McCarran Act has defects. A lot of honest people think it discriminates against certain classes of deserving immigrants whose security status cannot be questioned. Perhaps, after a trial run has spread its seams and located its squeaks, desirable amendments will suggest themselves.

In the meantime, however, the squawk from Britain and France should be pointedly disregarded. All too late, we have begun to deal vigorously with our security problems. Now we are hustling penitently to catch up. The McCarran Act represents a serious effort at security legislation.

Britain and France have been notoriously listless about Red undercover work and continue in their anaesthetic indifference.

British negligence provided the bland political climate in which blossomed the traitors, May, Fuchs, Pontecorvo, Burgess, and Mac Lean. The same balky liberalism has just put May back into circulation as a free man. It has meticulously buried vital facts about the ideological leanings of Burgess and Mac Lean, the truant diplomats.

France is honeycombed with subversives and with politicians who only play at the serious business of government. The regrettable result of this reckless sport is that French ministries are casually pushed over by adult statesmen in the National Assembly much as building blocks are toppled by children in a nursery. The Pinay Ministry has been the latest casualty.

Once upon a time, the value of British and French opinion was not so plainly negligible, and criticism from them might reasonably set us to a conscientious soul-searching.

But that day is long past in the matter of defense against subversives. We know it. Apparently Britain and France don't know that we know it. Don't know, either, how ridiculous they look in this old, patronizing role and how short our patience is getting.

We will listen to Britain and France about the McCarran Act when they have done as much about security as we, and have done it better.

We don't mind buying hair restorer. But not from a couple of fellows who are flagrantly bald under the pseudo radiance of ill fitting toupés.

WASHINGTON'S *Split Personality*

ce riots and segregated playgrounds beneath the shadow of Capitol dome make Washington slightly less an a capital of democracy. Who's to blame?

by RUTH HUME

A FEW weeks before the Inauguration, the top man on arrangements, seph McGarraghy, expressed the offi- l hope that restaurants, hotels, and ier public institutions would drop eir usual policy of discrimination ainst Negroes during the festivities. might come as a surprise to out-of- vners to learn that a special request d to be made that for one week out every four years the 275,000 Negro idents of Washington might play the e of first-class citizens. To Washing- nians, however, it is just another inkle to the old, familiar story of anti- gro discrimination in the center of rld democracy.

Four years ago, President Truman au- orized a representative group of citi- ns, called the President's Civil Rights mmittee, to make a complete survey discriminatory practices in the capi- . When that illuminating report was ued, numbers of the local citizenry felt insulted as the lady in the ad whose ighbor drops by to sneer at her wash- ie and murmur, "Tsk, dear. Tattle- e gray!" The idea seemed to be, "This *our* city and we don't need a bunch outsiders telling us how to run it!" The fact of the matter is that what we in Washington is *not* our own affair ly. We live under the critical scrut- y of the world. "The District of olumbia," reads the preface to the com- ttee's report, "should symbolize to r own citizens and to the people of countries our great tradition of civil erty. Instead, it is a graphic illustra- on of a failure of democracy. As the at of our federal government, under e authority of Congress, the failure of e District of Columbia is a failure of the people."

It boils down to the fact that Wash- gton is a city with a split personality. is, to be sure, "the seat of our federal government, under the authority of Congress." But geographically it is still a Southern city with Southern *mores*. The result is a sort of interracial no-man's land.

Accounts of the incredible Negro slum which lies under the shadow of the Capitol dome, or of race riots over segregated playgrounds, make good copy for out-of-town papers. They carry the aura of the sensational. Most people know all about them already. It is the slightly less tragic aspect of Washington life that illustrates the would-be-funny-if-it-weren't-so-sad angles of segregation.

Take eating, for instance!

Every now and then an international crisis arises when some less-than-brilliant head-waiter tells a dignified Liberian or Indian diplomat to beat it. On the other hand, it gives one something of a jolt, when dining out with a dark-skinned diplomat, to realize that he is allowed in the restaurant only because the point has been well established that he is not an American.

Recently my husband and I wanted to have lunch with two Negro friends, the singers who head the cast of the newly revived *Porgy and Bess*. This is the show which our State Department dispatched to the Berlin Festival as a sort of international good-will ambassador. It took an involved telephone conversation with the manager of a restaurant which prides itself on being the theater-celebrities-eat-here spot of Washington before we finally arrived at a solution. Would we, the manager inquired, if service, floral decor, etc., were unimpeachable, consider eating in the private dining room? Two days later, Porgy and Bess left for Europe, where they have been fêted and admired as few visiting artists from this country have ever been. In the capital of their

A. Devaney photo

The memory of Lincoln lives on while his lessons are forgotten

Photos from Reni-Washington Standard

The Church, always a loving mother, answers her children's problems

own country, though, they cannot be seen eating in a downtown restaurant.

Washington's split personality shows to poorest advantage in its educational system. Washington public schools are strictly segregated, right down the line. This produces problems which have never been successfully solved. The Superintendent of Schools, Dr. Hobart M. Corning, is a man whose chief interest in life would seem to be maintaining the *status quo,* treading the middle of the road, and thinking up variant names to call a spade. But he is admittedly in a frightfully awkward position, hemmed about by Congress, by public opinion, and by a board of education whose occasional light-headedness has become a subject of local jokes.

The situation is not only bad but rapidly deteriorating. Hardly an academic year goes by in which the school authorities are not confronted—always at the very last minute—by the problem of "school transfer." This "school transfer" is a phenomenon which besets a segregated school system because of another sociological phenomenon called "shifting population." A neighborhood becomes more and more Negro in population. The student population of the white school which serves the area dwindles to half its former number. The Negro school, although its walls do not miraculously expand, must start operating at two and three times its capacity. Then comes the annual fracas. Which school shall be transferred from Division I (the white schools, naturally) to Division II?

No decision to change the color of a school is ever reached with everybody happy. White board members say, "Do we have to take everything away from *us* and give it to *them?*" Negro board members quote statistics about how many Negro children are attending half-sessions in obsolete buildings with impossible plumbing, and how many Negro elementary school teachers are running classes of seventy students and up. When a "white" school is finally selected for transfer, parents of the white children who must move over to another school are bitter. Negro parents who had perhaps hoped for a more modern building nearer to the neighborhood are disappointed and may even call a strike. The alumni of the "white" school, feeling that dear old Alma Mater has been sold down the river, are rabid.

A segregated school system is not a good one from the efficiency expert's point of view. There are other considerations, too, slightly more important. The question of race relations in America is the most vitally important issue which this generation will pass on to the next generation with a helpful, "Here! *You* solve it!" Does a segregated school system in the heart of America do anything about teaching the growing generation to get on with itself?

A member of the board of education, quite unintentionally no doubt, hit the nail on the head during a recent "school transfer" donnybrook. Langley Junior High, a Division I school, was under consideration for Division II. One objection raised by white members of the board was that the school stands next door to McKinley High, a large white school. This alone, a board member argued, was enough to halt the transfer. Why, just one name shouted across the alley between the schools might be enough to start a riot! The implication is clear. Our schools talk themselves blue about building good citzenship attitudes and the like. In Washington, D. C., the school system is doing so little to prepare one-half its population for getting on with the other half that it is not safe for white and Negro students to occupy adjacent buildings.

IN inter-school athletic competition white teams play white teams, and Negro teams play Negro teams. Two years ago Negro and white actors from Washington's sesquicentennial pagean "Faith of our Fathers," were visiting schools to show the children excerpts from the play. At Anacostia High, the group was met at the door by the principal and asked to leave. Didn't they know that Negro entertainers were not allowed to perform for white students and vice versa? In the hue and cry which followed, the superintendent of schools backed up the principal, saying that local tradition, after all, favored all forms of segregation. And so it goes.

To the credit of the superintendent of schools, however, it should be noted that he has already called on civic leaders and education experts to rally round and make plans in case the Supreme Court decides, following the recent arguments, that segregation is in itself unconstitutional, no matter how "equal" the "separate" facilities may be.

While the old familiar who-struck-John quarrel over public school transfers, budget transfers, half-day classes and unequal gymnasiums rages, there is another area in Washington education where for the past few years integration has quietly and efficiently been taking place: the Washington parochial school system. Although both Archbishop Patrick O'Boyle and the Chancery office are, for good reasons of their own, almost fanatically shy of publicity, the fact is there. Washington Catholic schools are no longer segregated. Even the more exclusive girls' high schools, like Holy Cross Academy and Immaculata Seminary, have quietly scotched the traditional "white only" policy of Washington private schools.

On the college level the score for Catholic institutions is now one hundred per cent. Five or six years ago, only Catholic University admitted Negroes to all schools. Now Georgetown University and the two girls' colleges, Dunbarton and Trinity, have Negro students.

The old, "Here, you, sit in the back pew" greeting to Negroes is now as unthinkable in Catholic churches here as

Coca-Cola sign over the altar. Recently Negro pastor was appointed to a urch in Georgetown which serves a xed neighborhood. Publicity-shy as is, not even the Archbishop could ny the coincidence that all these im-ovements began shortly after his ar-al in Washington.

By this time any civic-spirited citizen Wiscasset. Maine, or Manistee, Mich-n, should be asking quite reasonably, people really don't like the way ngs are being run in town, why don't y vote a change?" Sit down, friend. e have news for you.

Washingtonians do not vote for *any-ng*. From the President of the United tes, to board of education members, the District of Columbia dog catcher, cials come and go without a word of ctoral greeting from us residents. The ly day on which we have a real sense being citizens is the day on which we e graciously allowed to pay our taxes.

MOST people are aware that Wash-ington has no voice in national ctions. But it comes as a surprise to ny people that we have no say in our n affairs. The District is the step-child Congress, run by a committee whose adman is chosen by seniority rights. his leads to some blood-curdling situa-ns. For many years our committee s headed by that grandmaster of ite supremacy, the late fire-eating eodore Bilbo.

Home rule for D.C. has been a major ank in both party platforms for the st twelve years. Why have so many me rule bills fallen by the wayside? cause any change in District status ust be voted by Congress, and a home le bill has yet to survive the organized position of Southern congressmen. What's eating the Southern members Congress? There are approximately 5,000 Negroes in Washington and 5,000 whites. But for years the rumor s floated about that there are actually ore Negroes than white people and

RUTH HUME, wife of Paul Hume, music critic for the *Washington Post*, is the author of many books and has written extensively for magazines.

that if home rule came about Washington would have a Negro mayor faster than you could say, "Boo!" It seems almost incredible that this hoary old chestnut is still making the rounds. But it turned up as recently as last year in that Mongolian idiot of literature called *Washington Confidential.*

Vague rumors or not, our congressional neighbors from the South will not willingly vote the power of the franchise into the hands of 275,000 Negroes. That, suh, would not be keeping faith with the old homeland.

In the first flush of his campaign, President Eisenhower promised to abolish segregation in the District of Columbia. It was a lovely idea. Let us hope the poor man will not be too disillusioned when he starts trying.

It would be highly misleading to say that the picture is all gloom. There is a lot on the credit side. Old residents looking back over the past ten years can see changes. Do you remember when Marian Anderson, over ten years ago, was refused the use of Washington's only large concert hall? Last February 17, the Daughters of the American Revolution, owners of the place, finally allowed another great Negro artist, Dor othy Maynor, to sing from their sacred stage. Although the dear ladies won't come right out and say so, the ban against all but white artists in the hall is, to all intents and purposes, off.

Remember the switch of Washington's National Theater from the only professional legitimate house in the nation's capital to a second-run movie emporium? That was because Actors' Equity finally refused to let its members appear in a house which stubbornly denied admission to Negro patrons. The National is back in the major leagues now under new ownership, its exclusion policy gone. The two newer legitimate theaters have never had such a policy.

Within the last few months the District Medical Society, which hitherto had admitted white members only, voted to lift the color ban to qualified Negroes. Last year, too, the Nurses Association announced the admission of Negro members. This year the local optometrists' league begins operating on an unsegregated basis.

Housing is improving too. Privately owned non segregated apartment buildings are now operating. These serve an upper-income bracket only. Lower income groups will eventually be helped by three housing projects authorized by the government.

In ten years the number of Negro policemen has jumped from thirty-one to two-hundred-and-fifteen. Efforts to integrate the fire department, which runs like the public schools on an all-or-nothing basis, have so far failed. But there is still hope of working something out.

Four downtown movie houses—the ones, incidentally, which show the best pictures—admit Negro patrons, and a few of the larger hotels will now book conventions and banquets without demanding genealogical data on each guest.

These are a few signs of the times. Readers from up North and out West may be sneering by now and saying, "Well, isn't that all just dandy!" But small as each of these steps is in itself, it does present an over-all picture of heartening progress.

IT didn't all happen by spontaneous combustion, either. Many people have worked, have sat around in waiting-rooms, have talked themselves hoarse to effect every little step that has been made. There are organizations, like the Catholic Interracial Council; newspapers, like the *Washington Post;* individual officials, like Commissioner Donohue. Ordinary citizens, too, who take the trouble to write to Congress and to newspapers when they see something they don't like; artists who have refused to appear in segregated theaters; college students who will not give their junior prom business to hotels which do not welcome the whole class; the mother superiors who say to irate white parents, "Well, maybe we can afford to lose a few students this year!"

These people make real sacrifices to get their point across. But a look at the record should be enough to make them realize that it will be worth it in the end. Some day, if we just keep tacking extra items onto the record, Washington will be the capital of democracy for everybody.

Catholic schools, kindergarten to university, are not segregated

In the scientific world of today, people have forgotten the vast well of spiritual blessings covering almost everything imaginable

Count your Blessings

by **BOB CREAN**

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY HARTMAN

GOT some bees you want blessed? Or a sheep, a stretcher, or some silkworms? There's a special blessing for each of them.

There are also blessings for bonfires, goats, eggs, and lard; and for church organs, fire engines, and oats. And for whatever is left over, there's a "Blessing for Anything."

From ale, automobiles, and airplanes to wines, wells, and wheelchairs, the Church's sacramental system includes a conglomeration of items that astonish many a layman. Accustomed though we are to such sacramentals as the blessing of palms, wedding rings, and holy water, the average modern American gets a jolt when he learns of rituals for the blessing of bridges, brick kilns, and blast furnaces.

The Church, however, is far ahead of us twentieth-century Christians. Whenever we get around to taking advantage of them, there are special formulas available for the blessing of telegraph instruments, railroads, seismographs, and electric dynamos.

But we are mighty busy these days. Busy with things like nuclear research and medical immunization. There just isn't time for rediscovering old aids like spiritual power and sacramental immunization. Gone are the days when grandfather almost drowned the family in a lavish rain of holy water at the first sound of thunder; and when grandmother set the house afire with blessed candles whenever lightning shot through the night sky.

"Nice old customs," we murmur sentimentally. And we leave it at that.

We're aware, of course, of certain quaint practices still existing. New England fishermen ask a blessing of their fleet of boats every spring; and, in some rural places, pious immigrants hold consecrations of the crosses they erect in their fields. But the majority of U. S. Catholics rest content with blessed statues and holy water. The huge reservoir of sacramental graces is scarcely tapped.

A family deciding to take advantage of available blessings could keep a priest reciting Latin until his voice got hoarse.

Suppose the family is on a farm. There are individual rituals to protect fields and meadows, seeds and the harvest, cattle and produce—oats, grapes, eggs, butter, horses, sheep, swine, cattle, goats. And there are prayers for the divine protection of stables, wells, and mountain meadows.

Then there are blessings against pests —locusts, rats, or mice. And special blessings for sick animals.

WHEN baby comes, a shower of blessings is available for the newcomer and parents. A blessing for expectant mothers offers protection and peace of mind at the approach of confinement. This sacramental asks that the obstetric hand of God aid in the birth to come and that the angels keep the mother and her offspring in peace, granting them everlasting life. Quite a gift. But few parents-to-be realize it's there for the asking.

A more widely known blessing after childbirth continues the protection of mother and child. And children are provided with special blessings when they are ill. So are ailing parents and the sickroom itself, with blessings of medicine and linens.

When all's well with the family, its members would—in the ideal Christian community—work and travel among consecrated objects.

MAYBE Pop's a printer. For him there are blessed typewriters and presses in an office consecrated with a Blessing for Printing Offices. The latter asks protection for all employees and customers, praying that God will enlighten man's resourcefulness for the production of books that will lead men to Christ.

The family car, of course, is blessed. And there are blessings available for railroads, boats, trains, and ships.

And the town gets blessings for its fire engines, schools, mills, libraries, hospitals, and churches. There isn't much that isn't included in the lists of the Church's blessings.

Beer and ale make the list with prayers that they be healthful beverages to mankind and a help to body and protection of soul. And the list becomes more specialized with blessings for mountain-climbing tools, molten metal for bells, and cornerstones for buildings.

These—and more—are all available. An intensely powerful dynamo of graces awaits the modern world. The power is there, ready for use.

There are blessings for every human need. They're yours for the asking. Count them!

Danger Signals in the Middle East

by ROBERT MEYER

Gen. M. Naguib, Premier of Egypt, holds peace in his hand for us

The British are through in the Middle East. Sugar-coated Marxism offers an apparent hope. Can the United States regain favor in time to help?

Acme

THERE is little time to lose if we would regain Arab friendship. A wise Iraqi put it in a nutshell. We were sitting at a sidewalk café in Baghdad. The street before us was filled with naked, hungry children and ragged, painfully thin beggars of both sexes. But across the way was a British Club whose entrance was marked, "No natives, please." There well-fed Britons were dancing, dining, and drinking with their sleek womenfolk.

"Who would you say owned the wealth of this country?" my companion asked as we looked at the contrasting scenes.

"Tell them at home," he said to me, "that my people need friends. They do not trust the British; they are afraid to trust the Americans. Some of us know that it would be disastrous to trust the Russians, but most of the people are far from realizing that. They only know that they need friends and that Russia is offering her hand. They must see proof that Russia is false and that America is true."

The violent birth of the new nation, Israel, has upset the already precarious balance of power in the Arab Middle East. Until 1918 the great powers of Europe were able to preserve the fiction of imperial Turkish sovereignty over the area as a makeweight against each other's Middle Eastern pretensions.

It was a convenient fiction because it gave the great powers two excuses for intervening in Middle Eastern affairs. They could pretend to protect the people of that part of the world from Ottoman tyranny, or they could pretend to champion the sovereign rights of the Turkish sultan, but all the time they furthered their own interests at the expense of the natives. When the Turkish Empire disappeared, a vacuum was created in the Middle East which could only be partially filled by the League of Nations' mandates exercised by Great Britain and France. That was because the end of the first World War coincided with three special Middle Eastern developments.

Arab nationalism, encouraged by Great Britain and France as a means of weakening Turkey and the Central Powers, became firmly entrenched. Eventually, the British found it no longer useful, but indeed, embarrassing. This natural desire of the Arabs to throw off foreign tutelage and resume their ancient freedom came into headlong conflict with Zionist ambitions, also sponsored by the British who had blithely promised a gratuitous alienation of Arab Palestine to European Jews. Parallel with these developments came the discovery that the area was rich in oil, a vital necessity for industrial systems on which modern political power is based.

That development brought American commercial interests on the scene, to the disgust of the British. Until then British

oil men had had things their own way. The better terms offered by the American oil interests soon showed the Arabs the extent of their victimization by the British. The Middle East, never a very quiet area, began to bubble like a volcano as the Arabs passionately went about the business of recovering their political and economic rights.

Since World War II, the United States has been forced to make definite commitments in the Middle East for the purpose of protecting herself, as well as the rest of the free world, from Communist subjugation. The area is now a bastion we are pledged to defend in co-operation with the British and native Arab elements.

The modern Republic of Turkey is one of the strong points of that bastion. The new state of Israel, thanks to internal weaknesses and the detrimental effect our sponsoring its creation has had on Arab peoples, is our Achilles' heel in the Middle East. A survey of the Arab States, Syria, Lebanon, Iraq, Jordan, and Egypt, has convinced me that if we want to hold the Middle East we must move heaven and earth—and swiftly—to regain the forfeited favor and confidence of the Arabs.

To put it bluntly, the wholehearted co-operation and friendship of the Arabs are root necessities, unless we don't mind standing by and watching Soviet Russia reduce the area, country by country, to satellite status.

Right now we are running neck and neck with the British in the race for Arab disfavor. British exploitation of Middle Eastern resources has earned them the hatred of the wealthy fringe and the middle class, while our sponsorship of Israel—"a dagger pointed at Arab hearts," they call it—has brought down on our not-so-innocent heads the wrath of every section of the Arab population.

The Arabs say we have continued to show our favor to Israel and to lend it our enthusiastic support, although the new country's policies are deliberate violations of United Nations' decisions to which we have assented. We have backed the British in every one of their bitterly opposed activities, such as their stubborn decision to stay put in the Suez Canal Zone in direct negation of the will of the Egyptian people, but we have either opposed or else given only half-hearted support to popular British moves, such as aid for the conversion of Arab armies into modern fighting forces. We have outraged Arab pride by trying to maneuver them into an unnatural defense association with Israel.

Thus the existence of Israel has created a running sore in the Arab Middle East which the natives refuse to treat with any form of medicine we have so far suggested. But, unfortunately, the United States is not the only doctor practicing among the Arabs. The Russians have hung out their shingle also, and Arab leaders are fond of reminding Western travelers that one alternative to Arab friendship with the West is Soviet domination of the Middle East.

There is nothing new about Soviet imperialism in the Middle East. The Czars were steadily nibbling at Persia a hundred years before the Bolshevik revolution. The difference between today's Soviet tactics and yesterday's Czarist methods is the difference between professionals and rank amateurs. Stalin forwards his grandiose plans for expansion toward the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf by subtle propaganda and clever politics, whereas the Czars relied on force and didn't always have enough on hand to bluff their way to victory. And Stalin's propaganda has an added ideological seasoning which sometimes proves superficially attractive to undernourished, impoverished people.

True, as yet there is not much ideological sympathy for Communism in the Middle East, but that does not mean that the Communist movements in the Arab countries are negligible factors. The Reds have always known how to sugar-coat the bitter pill of Marxism and make it seem like a pleasant confection instead of a bitter purge. Their efforts are greatly helped by Middle Eastern social and economic chaos. The conditions of filth, misery, and privation which Arab peasants must endure are sickening by any standards. Until we, for the United States is the only country with the altruism and ability to help, join together with the Arabs in a sincere striving to remedy these evils, there is a real probability that Communism will gradually grow attractive to the Arab, if only because their lives are so miserable that they can visualize no worse existence under Bolshevism.

For all of their ideological claptrap to intoxicate the unwary, Soviet leaders have always been hardheaded realists when it comes to worming their way

Social and economic chaos among the Arabs, along with filth, misery, and privation, engender Communism

Keystone photos

Politically conscious Arabs must recover their rights. We must regain their trust and lost favor

o power. They proved that by the y they tricked many Russian peasants o giving them their support in 1917. ney proved it again by the use of ony "popular fronts" in Eastern rope in 1945 and 1946. Their work the Arab Middle East shows that they ve not lost the cunning which, in ven years, has won them half of Eure and a third of Asia.

Never since 1917 have they neglected opportunity to foment unrest and pitalize on discontent among the abs. And since the end of the Arabonist War they have multiplied their tivities. It is freely admitted by Arab aders and intellectuals that Soviet ents have penetrated into every govnment, political party, trade union, d social and industrial organization the Middle East. Arab unions are ll in a most rudimentary stage of delopment, but such as they are they ve fallen into Red hands. Perhaps the nniest Red operation is infiltration d partial capture of the popular right- movements, including Egypt's fanatil Moslem Brotherhood and Istaqlal, s equivalent in other Arab countries. The top leadership of these national- organizations, whose purpose it is "purify" Arab political, social, and onomic institutions by driving out all reign influence, is indeed conservative, d for that matter strongly anti-Red. ut the infiltrating comrades now ocpy almost the entire lower echelons leadership. They are the ones who e in actual contact with the masses.

T must never be forgotten Stalin is one jump ahead of us in the Middle ast because more than thirty million his subjects in the Soviet Empire are Moslems who are the close cousins of e Arabs, socially and by religious conction, if not racially. Moscow chooses s Middle Eastern agents from among ese Soviet Moslems. They are espeally trained in the most modern propaanda tricks and are enjoined to preend that they are good Moslems, not ed atheists, for religion is the key to e hearts and confidence of the Arabs. horde of them has descended upon e Arab lands since 1945.

Our propaganda must be circulated ia radio and printed leaflet, while the ussian agents can circulate right into e bazaars and marketplaces and conerse in the cafés. There is no need to uzzle over whose propaganda is the ore successful. The statistics which ow the great percentage of Arab literates and the low percentage of dio owners tell the story.

The Russians have even sent some of eir agents on pilgrimage to Mecca. his makes them "hajis" or holy men, ho receive special consideration and eneration from the devout Arabs. And, in addition, the Communist agents are never short of money and can unlock the editorial doors of native newspapers and magazines with a golden key.

The political consciousness of the average Arab worker or peasant is not high enough for him to distinguish the subtle nuances of the Communist line. His interest is entirely centered on economic and social injustices and he doesn't care a fig for what the men who lead him think, as long as they promise to better his life. It can make little difference to a family man with half a dozen children and an income of less than fifty dollars a year what political label is worn by those who promise to show him the way to escape from poverty, misery, and degradation.

The Red propagandists, especially in Egypt and Iran, have managed to link the unpopular native landlord class, the traditional oppressers of Arab workers and peasants, with the "Western imperialists." The result is that the bazaar crowds in Cairo, Alexandria, Baghdad, and Teheran are always ready to cry for landlord and Western blood.

• Any friendship you can buy costs more than it's worth.

—Shield

THE British in the Middle East are fond of wondering how it is that impoverished people are so ready to support their government, as the Iranians do Dr. Mossadegh's expropriation of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. After all, the British say, Anglo-Iranian did bring a certain amount of unaccustomed prosperity to some portion of the population. It was not the few comparatively well-fed employees of Anglo-Iranian who demanded nationalization but that immensely larger segment of the population which believes that Iran's great oil resources should be exploited for the benefit of the Iranian people and not for the benefit of foreigners plus a handful of their native workers. The profit the Reds made out of British intransigeance in this matter —a profit collected in all the Arab States as well as Iran—comes to a fantastic total.

If you can't beat 'em, join 'em, is an old political saw which, for all its cynicism, ought to be pondered thoughtfully if our aim is to restore order out of Middle Eastern chaos. We can't do whatever we please in the Middle East, but we can keep this important area out of Soviet Russia's hands if we help the Arab occupants to do what they please. After all, our important aim is to keep the Russians out, not to keep the British in.

The British in the Middle East have always preferred to use the whip, but it is impossible to beat forty million people into perpetual submission. Even now, many British voices are raised in support of the iron hand and a resumption of political control over the area. It would be madness for us to support such an attitude or even to permit the British to try to restore their outmoded rule. The Arabs will tolerate neither guidance nor leadership from whip handlers.

AN example of the nature of British imperialism is offered by their attitude toward the new Egyptian government. General Naguib's rule demonstrates the possibility of Egyptian stability under an anti-Communist, pro-Western administration. The General is genuinely popular with his people. He has shown that he is willing to compromise with the British over such disputed matters as control of the Canal Zone and the fate of the Sudan. But if he is to keep his popularity and carry out the reforms Egypt needs so badly, he must be able to show his people that his government is respected abroad. If the British would make even a token withdrawal from the Canal Zone, General Naguib would be strengthened immeasurably. And Egyptians would understand that the West realizes their problems and appreciates their national pride. But the British do nothing but sit tight in the Canal Zone. If General Naguib is eventually overthrown it will be by the Red left, not by the conservatives, and the blame can be fairly attributed to British stubbornness.

Communist success in the Middle East is solidly based on ostensible Soviet acceptance of the thesis that the Arabs ought to rule their own lands. The Russians are getting ahead by pretending to go along with the Arabs, by pretending to help them disinterestedly to achieve their just nationalist aspirations. The wily Reds make no threats; they show no force; they accept Arab ways and customs. Of course, *we* know that once Moscow has seized control, naked force will be substituted for honeyed words, but the Arabs don't know that. All they can see is that after a half century of victimization by ruthless British imperialism, the time seems opportune to drive out the hated foreigners. And the Reds offer them help.

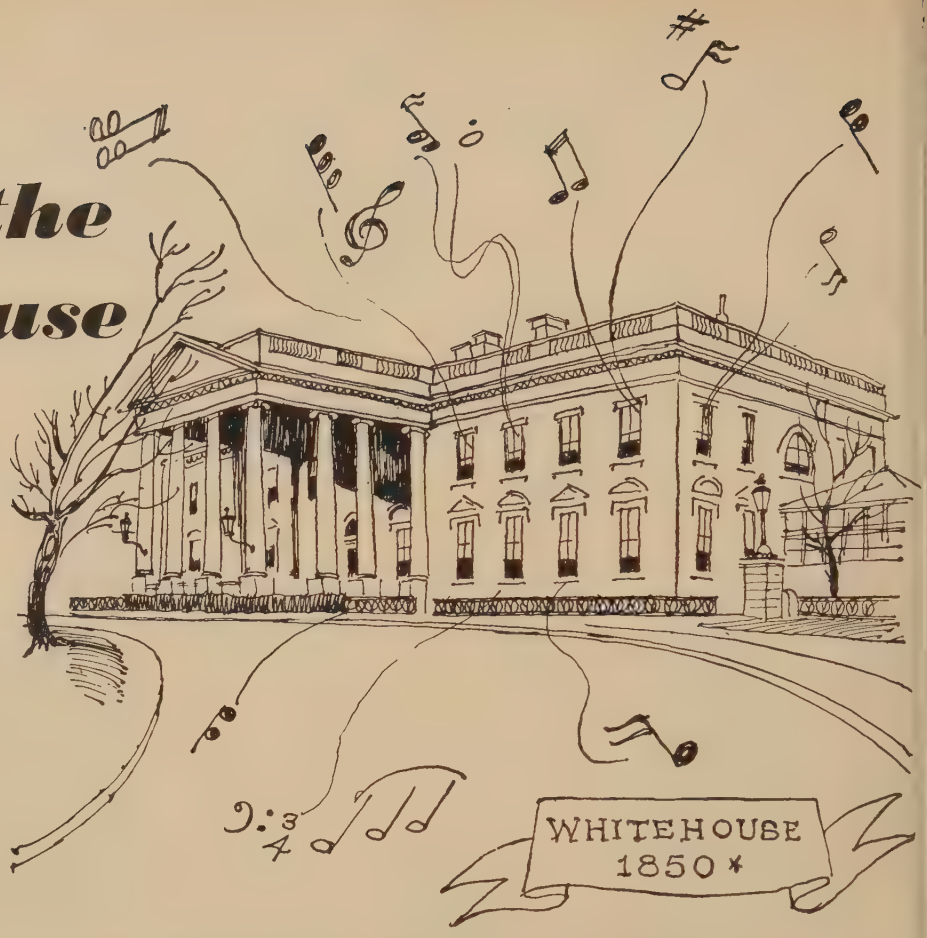
The stakes in the Middle East are high indeed, for both sides, but we are playing for broke, while the Russians are gambling within their means. It is they who are on the road to world conquest. A setback in the Middle East will merely limit their gains. We are fighting for our world and our way of life.

Music in the White House

History has taught many lessons. A soprano daughter Margaret came with two presidents. But one had a code for her father when she was flat

by ***PAUL HUME***

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL KINNEAR



For generations, the White House has been a music box.

DO you know what president of the United States used to play the hottest slide trombone in Ohio? Or what president had to compose his own wooing song to convince the lady of his choice to move into the White House? Or what president was said to be the worst violin player in Virginia, even including Patrick Henry?

That fascinating piece of real estate at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue does not change tenants very often. Whenever it does, the old place itself becomes fair game for scrutiny from all angles: from the antique furniture stored in the attic to the newly renovated plumbing in the basement.

To each his own angle . . . Music in the White House? There has been quit a bit of it, of various merit. Our number-one man, unfortunately, draws a complete blank. George Washington neither lived in the White House nor made any music of any description. We have all seen the cozy painting of the Washington family group, Martha and Nellie Custis flanking the harpsichord, George clutching a flute. Sorry, but it's just a flight of fancy on the part of the artist. The father of his country was practically tone-deaf. Or, as he himself put it to the composer Francis Hopkinson, one of the signers of the Declaration: "I can neither sing nor raise a single note on any instrument."

Although an ill-disposed acquaintance swore that Thomas Jefferson, the first occupant of the White House, was a terrible violinist, the report is, like most political opinions, vastly exaggerated. Jefferson was a good violinist. His love for music and the making of music was one of the props that held him up during the stress and struggle of the early century. There was nothing our third president loved better, after a hard day's work, than tearing into a new quartet with some string-playing cronies. For his music room, he invented a music stand with a single center support and four racks, so that the whole quartet could use one piece of furniture. Jefferson ordered a harpsichord to be sent from London for his daughter. It was not an entirely stringless gift. His letters to the Philadelphia school girl are filled with exhortations about practicing. He recommended two hours of harpsichord playing early in the morning, before she was tired by other studies, and a couple of extra hours in the late afternoon, when her other studying was well done.

Before he became our sixth president, John Quincy Adams was Ambassador to England. In London he wooed a young lady who played the harp, the spinet, and the harpsichord. To establish his kinship of spirit, young Adams always called on Miss Johnson with his flute tucked under his arm, and tootled away for hours, to the vast edification of his prospective in-laws. In their White House years the couple frequently entertained themselves by playing duets—that is, when they were not jointly reading Plato in the original Greek, another favorite form of White House relaxation back in the administration of John Quincy Adams.

But the most direct use of music as a means of furthering presidential romance was made in 1844 by John Tyler. The tenth president's wife died very shortly after he assumed office, and he was a lonely man in that palatial home.

PAUL HUME is music critic for the *Washington Post*. He achieved national prominence with his frank criticism of Margaret Truman's singing.

day the Navy Department staged
ala boating party on the Potomac,
osite Mt. Vernon, for the rather
ster purpose of showing off a new
called, of all things, the "peace-
ker." In the party were the Secre-
of State, the Secretary of the Navy,
a Mr. David Gardiner of New
k, who had brought his daughter
ia. When the noisy moment came,
President requested Miss Gardiner
stand at his right hand and observe
fireworks under presidential escort.
d then in a flash of a second, the
ivities turned to tragedy. The gun
not shoot. It exploded, rocking
U.S.S. "Princeton" to a lather, and
antly killing both cabinet members
l Mr. Gardiner. The President him-
carried the fainting Miss Gardiner
vn the gangplank to safety.
The sad events of the day ended
ppily a year later. To bolster his
t of Julia, Tyler composed a song
h the lyric title, "Sweet Lady,
ake!" And, apparently touched by
s labor of love, Miss Gardiner awoke.
moved into the White House after
marriage kept so quiet that not even
gossips of Washington knew about
until they read a story in the paper
adlined: "Treaty of Immediate An-
xation Ratified Without Approval of
Senate."
President Buchanan, poor man, was
achelor. But he had an official hos-
s trained for the post from her teens.

Music by Vice-Pres. C. Dawes

uchanan's niece, Harriet Lane, had
en taught singing and the other social
aces at the Georgetown Visitation
nvent. She frequently sang for White
use guests, and on one occasion she
ve the first performance anywhere
a song which was soon rocking the
tion with sobs: "Listen to the Mock-
g Bird." In the audience was a dis-
tinguished British guest bearing the swashbuckling incognito of "Baron Renfrew." The Baron, as everybody knew, was really that long-termed Prince of Wales, Edward VII-to-be. The prince yearned for just one dance with the talented Miss Lane, but no dice. Dancing was not permitted in the White House. Why not? Because, President Buchanan said, too large a percentage of the electorate was against it! It took a picnic party on the river before the young couple finally had a surreptitious dance together.

Who was the hot trombone player? You could almost guess. The young Warren G. Harding sold a fire insurance policy on the Marion Hotel in Marion, Ohio. It was his first big commission and with it he bought a slide trombone. In no time at all he was leader of the Marion band. These were undoubtedly happier days than those of his residency at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

Have you heard a juke-box item called: "It's All in the Game"? It's just another one of those steals to which our lazy songwriters are so given these days, (cf. Grieg, Tschaikovsky, Chopin, Rachmaninoff, Verdi, etc., in their new hit-parade arrangement.) The original was a little piece highly favored thirty years ago, called simply "Melody." The composer was Charles Dawes, vice-president during the administration of Calvin Coolidge, and the framer of the "Dawes Plan." The most popular artists of the day, including Fritz Kreisler, recorded "Melody" in various arrangements. Innocent as the piece is, it created a furore back in 1924, when Leopold Stokowski played a concert version of it with the Philadelphia Orchestra on, of all days, election eve. Following which, the stormy petrel conductor turned around and treated the audience to a brief political oration. Newspapers quite properly screamed at this invasion of politics into music. But Coolidge and Dawes got in the next day, and "Melody" has been going strong ever since.

When we speak of the singing careers of presidents' daughters, we naturally think first of Miss Truman. Actually, she was neither the first White House daughter nor the first White House Margaret to sing professionally. Woodrow Wilson's Margaret broke the ice. She too was a soprano, and she sang with many major orchestras, including the Chicago Symphony. She made several records, collectors' items today, for Columbia. Her favorite composers were Beethoven, Brahms, and Wagner, and she preferred *Lieder* singing to any other kind. Margaret and her father had a code by which the president could let her know how things sounded, while she was performing.

And in the recent past we had the Trumans. Miss Truman's career is too well known to require comment. But there is one facet of President Truman's administration of which too few people outside Washington know. Although people joke about his piano playing, the "Missouri Waltz," etc., the fact remains that he has done more for music in Washington than any other resident of the White House. His enthusiastic

The Father of His Country never played the flute in his life

support of our National Symphony Orchestra and his constant efforts to make Congress appropriate funds for a great municipal concert hall in the nation's capital have endeared him to the serious music-lovers of this music-loving city. (No, we have no proper concert hall or opera house in the capital of the United States. Our principal concerts are given in a barnlike structure designed for the single purpose of housing the annual convention of the Daughters of the American Revolution. So help me!)

How about music in the White House during the next four years? Frankly, I don't know. I made a rash promise last October, during a good-music-on-records radio show which I conduct four times a week. I said that on the day after election I would give a brief discourse on the musical background and taste of the next president of the United States. Well, the morning-after came, and although I had done quite a bit of research on the subject, I didn't have a word to say on the radio. You see, I guessed wrong and looked up the other candidate. When I tried, at that last minute, to think of some appropriate music to play in honor of the actual winner, I could only think of one piece, which probably says it as well as anything could. So on November 5th that usually long-haired radio show ended with a rousing version of "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

The Chicopee Reel

'Tis a great reel. Listen to it: Chicopee-chicopee-chicopee-chick. Tune up and let's dance to it

by **JOSEPH O'CONNOR**

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK EVERS

THE Macks, Owen and Murt, and the sister, Polsh, who "does" for them, live a long stone's-throw across the boundary of the parish, but their roots are within it.

Though they played only by ear, the Macks were great musicians; music was born with them and the generations that came before them in Gortrua. Owen's fiddle was in the family before the Crimean War, in which his great-grandfather lost the tip of the forefinger of his left hand. He used the tailor's thimble after that for fiddling. They had no date for Murt's "piplow," they had it so long that the fingerholes were worn down like the thresholds of old doors. Polsh, played no instrument, though her ear was as true as a tuning fork, for tradition forbade women fiddles and flutes lest the precious gift of music forsake the menfolk. But Polsh sang like a bird, controlled the family concerts, and was the ultimate court of appeal on the finer points of the musician's art.

None of them thought of getting married, although they were past the fresh bloom of youth. The Muses are exacting mistresses, intolerant of competing interests and devilishly clever at suggesting self-sacrifice to their lovers. But the Macks were family-minded. They loved people, especially young people, and wanted young voices about the house. So they borrowed Mai Hannen from her overstocked mother and were happy. She slept with Polsh in one of the two bedrooms; Owen and Murt slept in the other.

On the last Thursday in September, the brothers were tidying up after the thrasher, Owen stirring up the smoking pile of burnt-out chaff and weeds with a two-prong pike, and Murt sweeping the yard with a coarse birch besom. They worked slowly in a contented, deliberate laziness, for they were tired after six hours of heavy work in deafening noise and were returning themselves to their natural easy pace. Owen stamped out the last embers and moved to the yard-gate to lean on it.

"I say, Murt."

"Aye?"

"I was thinking. The harvest is secure, thank God, and the spuds won't be calling for another three weeks. What about that day off?"

"Did you put it before Polsh?"

"Not yet, but we could ask her after supper."

They crossed the yard to the toolhouse to put away the implements and then had a wash-up at the pump. They had to stoop in the doorway of the back kitchen, they were so tall—tall and lank and loose-shackled. They found Polsh bent over the bastable oven, testing the bread with the blade of a table knife. It came out gleaming bright. She removed the cover and its load of red-hot turf coals by a practiced trick of balancing and with strong, competent hands swung the oven from the hearth to the table, tipped the golden loaf out, and landed the oven back on the hearthstone in one smooth sweep. The glorious smell of new-baked bread filled the kitchen.

"Sit in," she said. "The eggs are all but boiled." She raised her voice and called Mai. "Put away your books and come up to your supper."

Mai must have been expecting the call, she came so promptly and slipped in between Owen and Murt on the long wooden form at the outside of the table. Polsh took her place at the head and threw her eye over the board to see that everyone was right. She drew a quick Sign of the Cross over her bosom and they all fell to.

"What sort of produce did the spring wheat give?" she asked Owen.

"Good—I'd say very good. You'll have lashings of hard, white grain for the mill this year." He turned up the unbuttered side of his slice of home-made bread and added, "Whiter than this—not faulting the baking, Polsh."

"Aye," said Murt, "and it thrashed as dry as snuff. We can take our ease for a spell, now that the barn and hayshed are full."

"We can that," Owen agreed. "A day's galavanting would suit our complaints fine. There's no cure for tired bones like stretching them."

The two men directed ingratiating smiles toward the head of the table, like two boys placating a difficult mother. Polsh returned them vaguely and ignored the suggestion of a holiday.

"Mai and myself will wash the ware after milking the cows," she said. "Ye can bring a couple of armfuls of old turf for the fire. That new stuff would smoke us out of the kitchen."

When the girls went out with the milk buckets, Murt slipped an apron over his slack tummy and set to work on the crockery. Owen got busy on the hearth with broom and ashpan, livened up the fire, and trimmed the oil lamp that hung from the rafter over the fireplace. Everything was warm and inviting when the girls came back from the dairy; they had nothing to do but go to their room and freshen themselves up for the night's concert.

Owen chose his tunes guilefully, and before Polsh was fully relaxed in her sugan armchair in the deep embrasure of the fireplace, he was playing and she was humming the melting air of *The Heathery Hill.* He glided the last cadence into silence and let the fragrance of the song linger in her mind. She sat gazing at the shifting faces in the fire for a while and then shook herself free from the nostalgic yearning it induced in her.

"Where were ye thinking of going?"

"To Fibough—to Frank Foley. He sent us word about a new reel he got from a girl that came home from the States. She picked it up at a dance in Boston. We could swop the Fossa hornpipe for it."

"Ye'll be wanting yeer shirts starched and ironed, so. Clear off to bed; myself and Mai will make them up as soon as we have the kitchen to ourselves."

Next morning, Murt oiled the harness while Owen was putting a supply of turf, furze kindling, and table potatoes

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Then stalked disaster—black, paralyzing disaster—into the illumined warmth of the kitchen

near to Polsh's hand. Breakfast was as lively as if they were all going to Puck Fair or Killarney Races. It was the new clothes that did it; that and the stamping of Bob, the cob, in the yard and the jingle of his harness. Polsh stowed the fiddle-case carefully in the well of the sidecar beside the small bag of oats that was to feed Bob for the long road to Fibough. Murt unscrewed the piccolo and slipped it into his inside breast pocket, and Owen, making great play with the holly-handled driving whip, mounted the car on the near side and away they went—whistling *The Girl I Left Behind Me* to tease Polsh.

It was past midday when Bob reached the end of the long road and hung his weary head at Frank Foley's back door. Frank's was a ramshackle place—like himself, squat, untidy, but welcoming. He appeared in the doorway, peering at the visitors and breaking out into excited manifestations of pleasure when he recognized his fellow artists. He clucked and chuckled them into the kitchen, making no vain excuses for its disarray, and planted them on the broad hearthstone, in the only two chairs he had. Disappearing for a moment into "the room," he returned with a bottle and glasses.

"Man sucked before he sang." He beamed as he said it.

Only when they had tasted the drinks did he hang the kettle on the crane to make tea and clear the end of the table for the bachelor meal. After they had eaten, Owen brought in his fiddle and the three sat facing each other where the light from the deep-seated window lit up the kitchen floor. They played, under Frank's lead, the stock tunes for sets, jigs, and hornpipes, with ears cocked for any departure from the best tradition in time or fingering. By tacit agreement they played no reel. Frank would introduce the wonderful American reel, as dessert at the end of the feast. When they had finished a set of lancers *con brio,* Frank wiped his brow and laid his fiddle aside to refill their glasses. He whistled quietly to himself as he poured out the drinks and fussed in good-fellowship. Owen halted his glass halfway to his mouth and listened. Something in the windy whistling caught his ear—a strange new twist to the rhythmic measure of the reel, a light, lilting ripple of notes that set his fingers dancing on the side of his glass.

"The American reel!"

"Yes, that's it," said Frank, sitting down again on his stool and setting his fiddle under his chin. "I have no name for it. Hannie Fitz heard it in a dance hall in Chicopee Falls near Boston. A blind fiddler from Derry always played it for four-hands and she got to know

it well. She hummed it for me, but when she found me keen on it she dried up and let on she forgot it. But I have it, all right, and here it is for ye. I'll play it twice and give ye the same chance to pick it up as Hannie gave me."

He started to play the wonder tune but stopped and raised his eyebrows when a tumult of grunts, neighs, and kickings broke out in Bob's stable. Murt dashed out of the kitchen, guessing that Bob's allergy to the smell or sight of pigs was operating. Some straying sow must have intruded on his privacy. When he had expelled the trespasser and soothed Bob's ruffled temper, Frank had given Owen the two repeats of the reel and was engaged with him in choosing a suitable name for it. Murt saw that the session was over and went out again to put Bob under the sidecar. It was getting late and Owen would have plenty of time to give him the tune at home in Gortrua.

It was dark when a very subdued Bob padded into his own backyard, too tired to wag an appreciative ear for the welcome that Polsh and Mai lavished on him, though they meant it for their two big men. The two big men were glad to be back in the warm privacy of the big kitchen with their music-trove, like knights returning with the Holy Grail.

"Did ye get it? Did he give ye the reel?" Mai asked excitedly.

"Whistle it for me. I can't wait till ye play it."

Owen hummed it for her while he was untackling the cob, and the more continent Polsh drew up quietly to listen over Mai's shoulder. Her eyes lit up to the novel artistry of the tune, but she denied herself the immediate enjoyment of it and hastened back to the kitchen to put the final touches on the grand supper she had prepared for the great occasion. Mai lingered in the stable with Murt as he rubbed Bob down with a wisp of straw and wheedled him to whistle the reel for her—just once, only once more. He couldn't.

They made a great supper of it and a great talk-feast, as people do who seldom go far from home.

When all was done, the hearth swept clean and the lamp trimmed to a clear flame, Owen ranged the seats in their due order before the fire – Polsh's ash armchair, that was once her mother's, in deep under the chimney canopy, Mai's low stool well in on the other side and the men's sugan chairs on the hearthstone facing the blaze. Throwing an appraising eye over their handiwork, Owen nodded in approval and sat down beside Murt to wait for the girls. Mai was the first "down" from the room. She tiptoed behind her uncles to her

Mai whistled and footed her way back

stool and ruffled their polls with her fingers as she passed. Polsh nodded approval of the present setting, too, when she came down, but went and put out the lamp before she sat in the armchair.

"We don't need this; we'll be snugger in the firelight."

The Mack orchestra was in session: too lanky bachelors whose fair hair was faded at the temples and threadbare on the pate, and their eyes childishly blue and trustful in a maze of wrinkles that fanned out from the corners. Polsh was neither tall nor lank, nor had her hair lost any of its auburn sheen. She filled her clothes decently without overflow—a very warm woman.

Murt squared the fife to his lips and ran a husky trill up and down the scale, finishing on a staccato C, which he sustained until Owen had his fiddle in tune. Without waiting further, he slid into the long opening notes of "Killarney" on which the others joined him, Mai's piping voice threading the plaint of the song through the woven pattern of the music like silk through a brilliant brocade. Polsh was content to soften the inherent shrillness of fife and fiddle with her deep contralto croon.

Murt led them into "Dinny Street" straight off the last notes of "Killarney" and speeded up the tap-tap of their toes to the quickening beat of the dance, until he stopped for breath. But Mai was too keyed up to stop; she let herself go with the momentum of the rakish song:

> "In Dinny Street in sweet Thraalee
> One day in the month of Augusht
> Who should I meet comin' down
> the street
> But the bould recruitin' saargint!"

"Whist, achree," said Polsh across the fire to her. "We have enough of the old tunes for tonight. They'll give us the reel, now, as soon as Murt gets his second wind. But before ye start, lads, would ye tell us the name of it. What did Frank Foley call it?"

"Why then, you are putting me a tough question, *Pailsineach achree.*" Owen used the old Gaelic pet name that came from their grandmother whenever his native composure was disturbed. It had been an exciting day and he was elated by the success of it. "Frank had no name for it and he told me Hannie Fitz was as blind as himself. All she had was the swing of the tune, and the name of the place she heard it—Chicopee Falls, outside Boston, Mass. Frank wouldn't style Hannie by calling it after her, she was so snooty about it. He couldn't call it the Derry Reel; there's a Derry Air already. I put it up to him to christen it the Fibough Reel but he wouldn't; he's too honest for that. 'Fibough had nothing to do with the making of it,' he said. So it is an orphan without a name, if *we* can't baptize it."

"Of course, we can," said Murt. "How do we find names for the cows we buy but from the places they come from? There's Puck and M'lahive and Ramore and the maoly we got from Bansha. What else will we call it but 'The Chicopee Reel' for where it's from and be done with it?"

"There's a lot in what you say," Owen agreed. "What do you say to that, *Pailsineach?*"

"Ha! ha!" she laughed. "You're asking me to put a name on a child I never saw nor heard. All the same, I like the life that's in the Yankee name. Listen to it: *chicopee-chicopee-chicopee-chick.* Sure, you could dance to it without any music. Murt is right. We'll call it "The Chicopee Reel." And now we'd like to hear it. So, tune up and let us have it."

Then stalked disaster—black, paralyzing disaster—into the illumined warmth of the kitchen and cast a pall of forgetfulness about Owen's memory. The wonder-reel had flown out of it like a thrush from its cage and neither tense thought nor calm retracing of the day's happenings could coax it back. Owen had lost the reel. He looked with appeal to Murt to help him, but Murt shook his head. "I wasn't with ye when Frank played it and we got no right chance to play it in the car." Polsh had only half-heard it over Mai's shoulder and Mai was too overcome by the catastrophe to collect her volatile memory of a once-heard tricky tune. Owen tried to recapture it by starting known reels, hoping that he would slide into the elusive American one as singers slide from "Fainne Gael An Lae" into the "Jackets

een" against their will. But it was use. He couldn't find his way into side lane he was looking for. He up, put his fiddle in its case, and nt to bed. Murt followed him; Polsh ed smooring ashes over the fire and koned to Mai to come to bed. No e said good night; they were too shed to talk.

Sleep came reluctantly to the house t night, but it came at last and thed their thwarted desire with ssed forgetfulness. All but Mai's, o whose sleep the exciting incidents the day continued and shaped her am. She dreamt she was in Chico-e, Mass., dancing jigs and reels and rnpipes in a crowded hall to the dling of a wizened old man. The old n followed her with a knowing leer his eyes wherever she weaved her y through the hall, as if he were joying a joke in which she was con-rned. She wondered why he, a stran-r, watched her so intently and played unconcernedly as if she, and not the usic, were his sole interest in the nce. And suddenly he looked away, rsing his lips and mouthing the tune o which he glided. She pursed her s, too, and whisper-whistled it to her rtner, who, by some process of magic, s transformed from a complete stran-r into comforting Aunty Polsh.

"Listen, Aunty; it's 'The Chicopee eel' he's playing." She was so excited the discovery that she prodded Polsh the ribs to make her take notice. lsh prodded back with interest. She odded Mai out of her dream into kefulness in the dark bedroom, with e lost tune still on her lips. Mai felt dividing line between the dream and ality; she was still tugging at Polsh's m and whistling the tune lest she lose again, while she strove to shake Polsh t of her heavy sleep. But Polsh struck t in defense of her right to rest and pt on. Seeing no hope of waking her, ai climbed over her to the cool rthen floor, still whistling the reel, and ent out through the kitchen to the en's bedroom door. She stood there moment, swaying unconsciously to the ythm of the tune she dare not drop om her lips. Still posturing and whis-ng, she overcame her natural reluc-nce to entering the men's sleeping uarters, pushed the door in, and nced through the gloom to the bed-le. Owen, by right of seniority, slept the outside of the bed and shook it th booming snores that should have iven Mai in terror back to the sanctu-y of Polsh's room. But her need over-ore her fears. She seized Owen by the oulder and shook him violently until swallowed his snores and finally came vake.

"Wha's up?" he asked. When he saw Mai's white nightgown dim in the dark, he added: "Who's that? Polsh, is it? Or Mai?" Not daring to break her humming to tell him which of them she was, Mai bent her head to his ear and whistled the lost tune into it. The effect was immediate and startling. He flung the bedclothes in upon Murt and whirled his spindle legs in a high arc which would bring them plumb on the floor but stopped them in mid-air and recovered them, though the darkness itself was cover enough for the strictest propriety.

"Go out, achree, til I pull on my pants, but for your life don't drop the reel. Hey, Murt! Get up out o' that. Mai has the reel. Get up I tell you, or we'll lose it again. Keep it going, Mai: Keep it going."

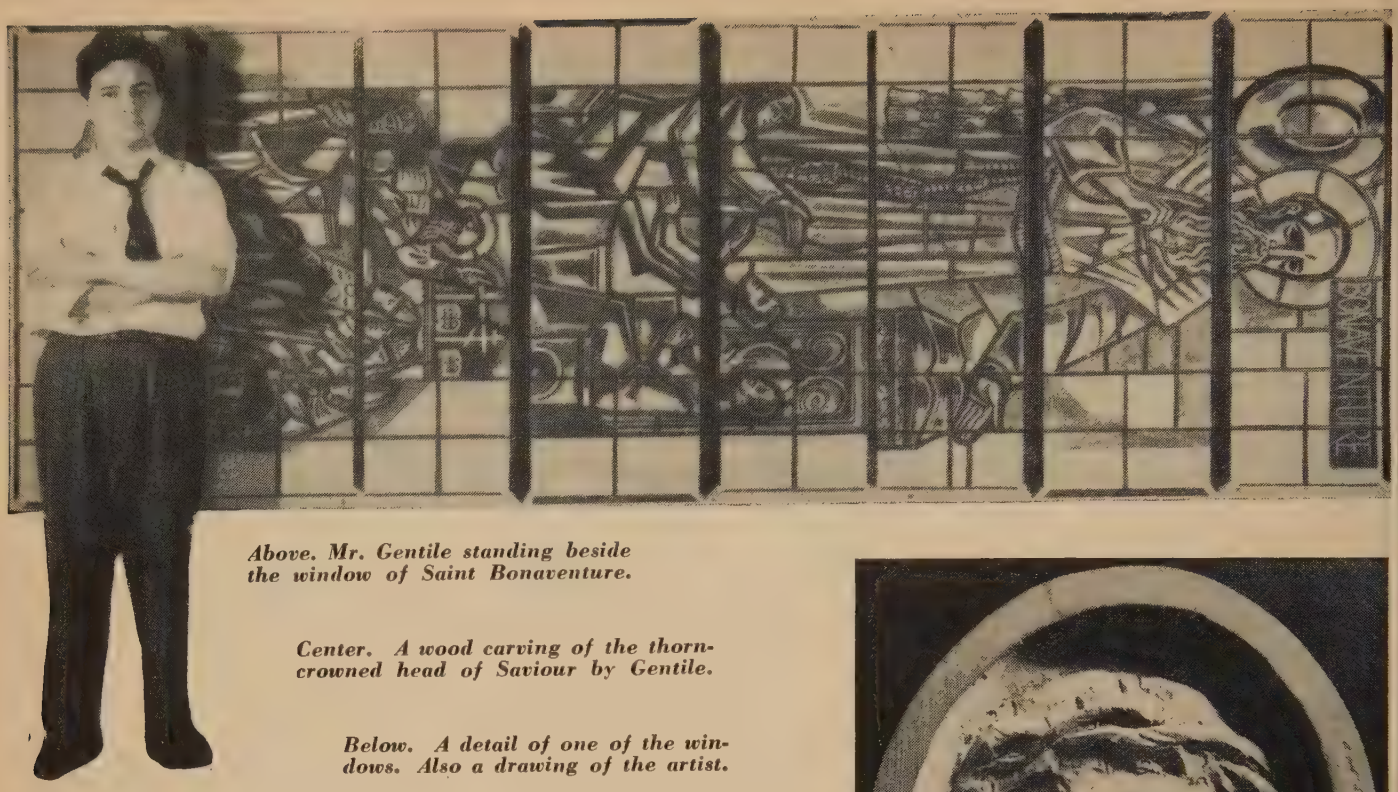
Mai whistled and footed her way back to her own bedroom and bumped up against Polsh coming out to learn the cause of the midnight noises. Polsh grasped her by the arms and asked her what was the meaning of "this," but all Mai could do was whistle loudly in her face and push past her into the bedroom to get her clothes.

Understanding at once, Polsh let her go and groped toward the lamp and lit it up and took up the lilt of the reel as she stooped over the fire to liven it. Owen and Murt were humming it, too, when they came, barefoot and in their "shirt sleeves," to sit in the sugan chairs they quitted with bowed heads only a few hours before. They waved their arms high in acclaim for Mai, hurrying to join them in skimpy skirt and tousled hair. She was no longer whistling. The arrant tune was back for good and the others had a firm grip on it, ta-ra-la-la-ing it at the top of their voices. Murt changed over to his piccolo between two notes and Owen to the fiddle at the beginning of the next bar. They played and the girls sang till they could sing no more. Polsh called a halt for tea and the pendulum clock whirred its warning of the time coming up.

One-two-three-four-five.

"Good Lord on high!" cried Polsh, "we'll have the day down on top of us before we know it. Do ye know what we'll do, lads? We'll make our breakfast of this and drive into early Mass in the convent. 'Tis the least we can do to thank God for a happier night than we thought we'd have."

They played, under Frank's lead, the stock tunes for sets, jigs, and hornpipes



Above. Mr. Gentile standing beside the window of Saint Bonaventure.

Center. A wood carving of the thorn-crowned head of Saviour by Gentile.

Below. A detail of one of the windows. Also a drawing of the artist.

● **Fred Bernard Gentile** of Providence, Rhode Island, is one of our most prominent young ecclesiastical artists. When only ten years of age, he painted a picture of Saint Theresa and proudly hung it in his father's shop. Now twenty-seven, with years of study and experience, Mr. Gentile has dedicated his life to religious art. He has designed windows and other objects of art for many churches and cathedrals throughout the country. While busy at work on these, he harbors a secret ambition of one day designing an entire cathedral. His cathedral would be basically traditional, but modern in decoration. As he says: "We know that the gothic cathedrals have pointed arches and vaults. But their moulding and decorations are very flamboyant. Now we can use the modern spirit on that basic design to make the gothic lines simple and beautiful."

But while waiting to design his cathedral, Mr. Gentile is happy in his present work. He is happiest with one of his six 20-foot windows in the Atonement Seminary in Washington, D. C. One of the most striking of these windows is the beautiful representation of Saint Bonaventure speaking at Lyons to the clergy of East and West seeking unity in the Church.

Unlike other artists, as Mr. Gentile says, the worker in religious art must have talent plus a deep faith and appreciation. Equipped with both, Mr. Gentile will prove a great boon to religious art in this country. He is a graduate of the Classical School of Design, and is also studying architecture at Columbia University.

Top: The late Captain and Mrs. Healy with daughter Peggy Lou. Above, the family and guests on one of the programs.

People

● **Mrs. Margaret Dean Healy** is the women's editor of the *Texas Catholic* and also the women's editor of radio station KIXL in Dallas, Texas. Though born in Gainesville, Mrs. Healy is known far beyond the borders of the Lone Star State. In the twenties, she married Captain Tim Healy who was a national radio commentator out of New York from 1925 to 1945 over NBC. The late Mr. Healy was well known as a lecturer and author. During this period Mrs. Healy joined the captain in a family program entitled: "The Healys at Home." Later they moved the program to Texas. After the sudden death of her husband, Mrs. Healy began her column for the *Texas Catholic* which she calls the Top of the Town.

The Healys were blessed with four children. The oldest, Tim, Jr., is a Jesuit who is studying at the University of Louvain in Belgium and who will be ordained this year. A daughter, Sister Mary Veronica, is teaching at Holy Child Academy in Philadelphia. Another son, David, is in the air force, and the youngest, Peggy Lou, is home with mother.

In her column which she has dedicated to the model of all women, Our Blessed Lady, Mrs. Healy has had a tremendous influence on Catholic life in the great and growing metropolis of Dallas. Her influence is equally felt in her radio broadcasts. A model Catholic mother herself, she spends her days bringing the message of the Faith to others.

Photo courtesy Catholic Universe-Bull

Listen to an Incredible Story

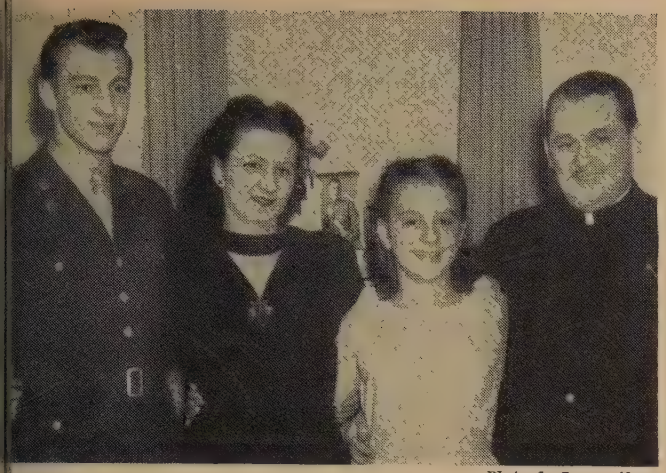
DON'T ever doubt it. The Hand was there . . .

The little fingers clutching the white flowers were blue at the knuckles. The snow had stopped except for the stinging granulation which spun from the church roof and curtsied on the lawn. The air had that character of blueness which sometimes comes with winter. Bill watched the little girls holding the flowers and he said that the procession ought to get started because it was ten o'clock and the little church was jammed. On that morning, Bill's father became an accepted Catholic priest.

The snow settled a little and the air in Akron, Ohio, became clear. The priests formed in two's after the little girls, and behind them on the porch stood Bishop Daniel Ivancho, head of the Pittsburgh Greek Rite Catholic Diocese. In one hand was the silvery staff of office; in the other, the glittering pectoral cross. In his heart was the Mass which he would offer in the Church of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary. In his mind was a different thing; a thing which had troubled and exalted and which brought joy and skepticism and, yes, even the tears of the supplicant. This morning, this Sunday of December 14, 1952, a thing was about to happen which had not happened within the memory of the oldest man—a cleric of the Orthodox Church was to be converted to the True Mother Church and, with him, two hundred of his parishioners.

In the face of this wonder, Akron was quiet. No angels trumpeted in t morning sky, no heavenly chorus swell the air with bursting happiness. A yet the reclamation of 201 souls on t particular Sunday morning was a thi of such magnitude that priests, skyla ing in their happiness, talked of t prophecies of Our Lady of Fatima a the imminent conversion of the peop of Russia. As great as this thing w it amounted to no more than a tou of hands, a friendly touch of hands, tween East and West. The big sto was not in what might come of this, b rather in the salvation of 201 persons.

I saw this. I was there that mornin Neurologically, it was exhausting. T human mind can stand great happine or intense grief for only a short tim It was not that way, though, with the



Photos by Lowes, Akron

◀ *Bill, with his mother, Mrs. Berzinec, sister, Sonja, and father, the Rev. George G. Berzinec, Catholic priest of the Eastern Rite*

The entire congregation, holding lighted candles, publicly profess e Catholic Faith and, led by their pastor, reject past errors

His Excellency, e Most Reverend niel Ivancho, D., receives Father rzinec's profes- n of faith

Photo by Fallert, Pittsburgh

he Church of Rome, the ancient Mother of all, elcomes an estranged priest with his whole parish

by JIM BISHOP

nverts. These were Slavs with their oad, bland features; women with nds so much older than their faces; en uncomfortable in tight collars and rthday ties and squeaky shoes; young en bigger and better and blonder and ighter than their fathers; girls pret- r and shyer than usual with their es lowered to their rosaries; youngsters ith scrubbed skin and wandering gaze. ou could not have seen these people nless you stood up front near the otive lights and turned to stare. I did. It was the eyes that made you suck the long breath. The eyes of the d and the young, the sick and the ell—they were all the same. These es could light a skyscraper throughout ie long nights. The first thing you alized was that this mass conversion was not solemn to them. It was a homecoming; a postponed family reunion. Their eyes said that it was Christmas morning and, in a moment, we would all be permitted to look under the tree. It was childlike and innocent and happy and beautiful—all at once.

They could make you feel ashamed too, because their Mass is spread over two and a half hours and, throughout, they sing the responses to the priest without hesitation. They give this time and this devotion gladly, and they are so proud of their religion that, in their homes, they place icons in the choicest places, and little red vigil lights. Theirs is not a sixty-minute per week faith. Confession, to them, is not a duty. It's a privilege.

This story began in Oxford, New Jersey, on April 18, 1907. A money panic was on and one of the lesser problems was the birth of George Gregory Berzinec. The best that you could say for him was that he was healthy. He was christened in the Russian Orthodox Church and, before he was six, he was taken to Carpathian Ruthenia—an autonomous province of Czecho-Slovakia. He attended school there and he was bright. As he grew, he treated strange languages as though he had devised them. With little effort, he could speak Russian and Hungarian and English and Old Slavonic.

HE studied medicine. And he dropped it. He became friendly with a professor who taught theology, and George Berzinec began to see the eternity of religion. Medicine was victorious when it could stave off death for a year or two. Religion was victorious when it could stave off damnation for eternity. So he studied theology.

In time, he married Irene Sochka. It is important that you understand Irene because it was she who had the true piety. She was a dark, slender girl whose religion is real. Some of her relatives were priests in the Greek Catholic Church. When a priest, any priest, came to her house, Irene dropped to her knees at once and her head remained bowed until she received his blessing. She is still like that.

There were two children: Bill and Sonja. There was conflict too. Not the open, argumentative kind. Beneath the surface of love lay the ear-splitting silence of unspoken words. Irene was a Uniate churchgoer. George was Orthodox. Those who are acquainted with the Eastern Rites know what this means. Many of us do not.

Many centuries ago, chips flew off the edifice of the Roman Catholic Church. In America, the biggest chips we see are forms of Protestantism. What we seldom see is the great schism of the East which occurred in 1054. Those who refused to acknowledge the authority of the Pope were called Orthodox. And those who remained in union with Rome are called Uniates. This is oversimplifying the great schism by several million miles, but the Orthodox Church of the East is out; the Greek Catholic Uniate is in. You and I

JIM BISHOP, author of "The Mark Hellinger Story" and other biographies, was formerly Executive Editor of *Liberty* Magazine. He wrote this article on special assignment for THE SIGN.

worship in the Western Rite of the Catholic Church; the Greek Catholics worship in the Eastern Rite of the same church; all of us are subject to the Holy Father.

The marriage of George to Irene was in a Uniate Church. In the eyes of our church, it was a valid marriage. This, in spite of the fact that George was an Orthodox churchman. To average eyes, the only real difference between the two churches is that the Eastern Orthodox Church does not believe in the Immaculate Conception in the Catholic sense; it does not set much store in the rosary; it does not have a clear-cut belief in purgatory; it does not acknowledge the primacy of the Pope. Still, the love of Mother Church for the errant children of the East is so great that she sits waiting patiently, knowing that they will come back home in time. In this story, we can almost hear the first timid knock on the door.

One evening, Irene Berzinec said to her husband: "If you do not subscribe to purgatory, why do you pray for your dead?"

George looked up from a book. "Why not?" he said patiently. "From the dawn of Christianity, men have prayed for the repose of souls, Irene."

"But," she said quietly, almost timidly, "all of your dead are either in heaven or in hell. In either place, prayer cannot help them."

George Berzinec did not sleep that night. He had a good mind, but it had no brakes. He wanted to sleep; his mind wanted to think. How could it be, he asked himself, that such a simple little woman could propound something that would confound him?

They came to America. They lived in Rahway, N. J., and George went to work for RKO Theaters. But it was just one more make-believe world. So he went to New York and again studied for the Orthodox priesthood. In time, he was ordained a priest by Bishop Adam.

It is perfectly proper for a priest of the Orthodox Church to be married and to have a family, just as, in the early days of the Church, it was proper for a Catholic priest to have a family. It is only in recent years, for example, that the Uniates in America decided to adopt celibacy, and no priest in this branch of the Catholic Church may marry today, but many of the older ones still have wives and families and are recognized as priests by our church just as validly as your own parish priest.

And, to make this just a little bit more complicated, George's ordination as an Orthodox priest was also recognized by the Holy Catholic Church because the split between the Orthodox and the Catholic Church is a schism, not heresy. The Orthodox Church has never broken the line of apostolic succession.

Father Berzinac served in various churches around Pennsylvania. He had zeal and he even organized Orthodox Churches. He rode high, and he rode fast. But he also rode blindfolded. By 1940, he was Assistant Dean of the Orthodox Diocese.

Then Uncle Sam beckoned. America wanted Father Berzinec, not as a pri but for special training in the Of of Strategic Services, the cloak-and-d ger group organized by Wild Donovan. What he did for the Uni States is still dangerous to discuss. we know that he spoke Russian like driver of a droshky. He knew what going on behind the Iron Curtain fore we knew there was one. Wh he came back, the only thing he e mentioned was that, in the frozen f ness of Siberia, the commissars m swineherds of priests. The women the countryside always wait for priest, and, when they see him, t scream at him "Where is my pig?" a they shake their fists.

The Soviet guards love this. A the women, emboldened, move clo to the priest and the shouting and f waving become more pronounced. Wh they stand in front of the priest, v close, they close their eyes and op their mouths and, from the reces of the ragged clothes comes the H Eucharist and it is reverently deposi on the tongue.

In 1944, Father Berzinec became hot for the O.S.S. and he became first Russian Orthodox Chaplain in U.S. Army. He was miserable. Th were chaplain's kits for Catholic pri and Protestant ministers and Jew rabbis—but none for Orthodox pri He wrote about this to his superi but they didn't answer.

The first thing you learn ab Father Berzinec is that he loves p ple. To him, all persons everywh are wonderful. So he cultivated t

Photo by Tobias, Akron

The gentle Bishop made it easy for Fr. Berzinec to take the final step

Before the Communion of the Mass, Father Berzinec and his parishioners, with lighted candles, made their public profession of faith

her clerics aboard an army ship and he as roundly snubbed. The only friend oard was the Catholic Chaplain. ather Berzinec began, at that moment, wonder about his faith.

On shore leave, the priest took Father erzinec with him to the Military Or- inariate in New York. The Bishop ere was cordial too.

"How would you like to meet the oss, Father?" he said.

"The boss?" said Father Berzinec.

The Bishop smiled. "His Eminence ardinal Spellman," he said.

The Orthodox priest nodded hap- ily. When he was introduced to His minence, the Cardinal began to make e Sign of the Cross.

"No!" he said excitedly. "I'm not a riest—not Catholic. I'm an Orthodox riest!"

"My son," said Cardinal Spellman. e leaned over and kissed Father Ber- nec on the forehead.

The young man was touched. Deeply uched. His own Church had given m no recognition, no kit, no priestly rders, no dispensations. Here he had een embraced by a cardinal, and a atholic priest had treated him as a rother. When he left, he was over- helmed when he found that Cardinal pellman had given him a parting gift: complete chaplain's kit.

Unknown to anyone, Father Berzinec egan to study Catholic dogma and the fe of St. Augustine. What force put ese two elements into his conscious- ess in a search for truth, no one will er know. But, in dogma, he began wonder why the Orthodox Church broke away from the Catholic Church in the first place. In St. Augustine he found a great man, one who had made all the mistakes known to men, a man who was not too proud to mend his ways and climb up to greatness.

Then he had an accident. The Penta- gon will not discuss it, even to this day, but Father Berzinec should have died when it happened. What happened to him is 100 per cent fatal. Why he lived is a topic for greater scholars than I, but he did live and he was badly busted up. So badly that he could not walk, could not work, could not move.

When he could stand again, the year was 1945 and Father had to make a living. He accepted a job as pastor of an Orthodox Church in Masontown, Pa. In it he put everything but heart. Within eight months, he quit and now he wandered, symbolically homeless, loveless, and sick. He taught Russian at Kent University and he tried a pastor- ate in Akron and botched it.

A student told him that he read somewhere that the Catholic Church was a matter of cash-on-the-barrelhead. Father Berzinec's head began to pound. A man with a question is entitled to an answer. Man is not entitled to be rich or great, but he is owed peace of mind.

Father Berzinec reached high for the answer. He wrote a letter to Eugene Cardinal Tisserant, Secretary of the Oriental Congregation of the Roman Catholic Church. In his quest for an answer, Father mentioned that he had been a chaplain in World War II. Cardinal Tisserant had been a priest of World War I, so the reply from Rome opened with a cordial: "My dear col- league. . . . "

The Orthodox priest wrote again. And again came an answer. The cor- respondence went on, sporadically, for six years. In 1948 Father Berzinec broke away from the Orthodox Church and started an independent church in Akron.

The break with the past was com- plete, but he needed a name for his new church. He recalled that the Orthodox priests were not as impressed with Our Lady as the Roman Church, so he named it the Church of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

His letters to the Cardinal now openly begged for conversion. No longer were they adroitly phrased. "Please give me a chance" . . . "Pray for me" . . . "May I be privileged to call myself a robber and to ask Jesus, 'Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy king- dom' ". . .

BUT the Church moves slowly. It has listened to spurious humility in all tongues and in all ages. The plea was listened to. But the Church would not hurry. Yet the Church knew the answer. The answer lay in Pittsburgh, a scant hundred and fifteen miles from the very city where the letters came from. There was Bishop Daniel Ivancho, the only Eastern Rites bishop outside the Iron Curtain. And this was an Eastern Rites matter, so that the final decision, either way, must lie in his hands.

The Bishop heard about the case from Rome and sent for Father Berzinec. The Bishop listened. And asked ques- tions. And listened some more. He sent the priest away. Nothing he heard had convinced him. And yet the Church will never be rich enough to be able to afford the loss of one soul, so Bishop Ivancho called in some pro- fessors of theology and asked them to examine Father Berzinec. They called him in. The questions came fast. And to the point. The answers came fast too. The priest was again sent away. The best Bishop Ivancho could say was that the case was worth more in- terviews. Eventually, the Bishop was satisfied. And when that day came, he suggested that the priest spend a week or more on a hill on the south side of Pittsburgh where the Passionist Fathers had built a monastery exactly one hun- dred years before.

No penitent ever climbed that steep hill with lighter heart. No aspirant ever looked up the almost perpendicu- lar cobbled streets with higher hope.

The Passionists, with their black robes and sandaled feet, were kind. They as- signed the Orthodox priest to the place of honor, the Bishop's quarters. There was time to think and time to pray. He

Photo courtesy Catholic Universe-Bulletin

Bishop Ivancho of Greek Catholic Diocese imparts blessing. Triple candle represents Trinity; double, two natures of Christ

heard the swift, soft whisper of feet and robes pass his door, the tinkle of bells, the sonorous roll of sound from the chapel where, at 2 A.M. the novices assume that the loudest prayer is the most easily heard.

Before Father Berzinec left the monastery, the people of Father Berzinec's parish began to undergo the same careful scrutiny. The priest was one soul. These were many. Father's conversion was the key to a treasure chest of souls. Monsignor Elko, the Vicar General of the diocese, was sent to Akron. He conducted a week's public mission for all the souls. Carefully, he admonished them to weigh the fundamental Catholic doctrines as he enunciated them.

Day by day, and night by night, the monsignor worked with these people. And the harder he worked, the more encouraged he felt. The people, to a man, wanted to embrace Catholicity. They were eager for conversion. The monsignor even made a house-to-house visitation, talking to these families in their own living rooms, noting the exterior signs of religious fervor and the interior signs as well.

On Saturday night, two hundred of them went to confession. Thus did the Bishop's representatives transplant, not a single grape, but the whole vine. On Friday night, December 12, in the presence of several priests at the diocesan house in Pittsburgh, Bishop Ivancho received Father Berzinec's profession of faith, renunciation of the past, and pledge to the future.

The word spreads fast. A good part of Akron knew about it on Friday night. It was discussed on Saturday at work, over coffee, in busses, at hotels, at family dinners, in other churches, big stores, delicatessens, street corners, everywhere. The Roman Catholics couldn't understand it. How could a man with a wife and two children become a . . . Ridiculous!

But it was true. And it was a magnificent victory for the Church. It was an even greater victory for Father Berzinec to have witnessed, at first hand, the slow-moving and gigantic power of the Catholic Church and to see it set aside the cares of a world in conflict for his sake. That alone would humble even a proud man.

It was after midnight on Saturday when Father Berzinec was alone. The house was asleep. The tiny brown-and-white dog was curled like a ball on the couch. The priest began to write a letter to Cardinal Tisserant. The phrasing came from the heart:

"I beg the favor of your blessing on this, the greatest day of my life, when I can truthfully say that I have found God as a soldier-priest of the One Holy Apostolic Church. It has been six years since my first petition. . . .

"Thanks be to Almighty God, the Holy Father, Your Eminence, and my beloved Bishop, the Most Rev. Daniel Ivancho, the Divine Will has been accomplished. . . . Deep down in my heart I know that I am unworthy. My heart is constrained to shout to high Heaven 'Thank God! Thank God!' . . .

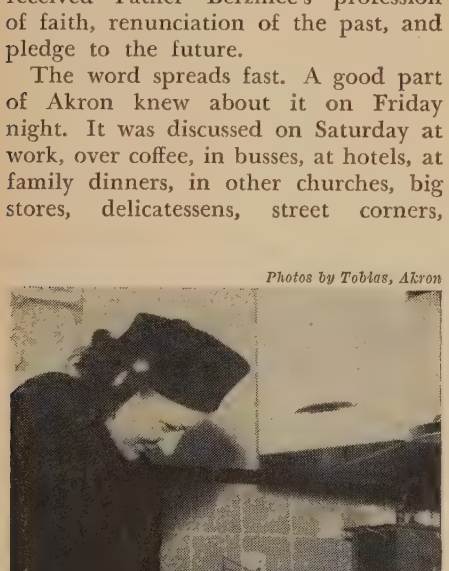
"Whatever the assignment that it will be the pleasure of my beloved Bishop to give me, I shall accept it cheerfully, humbly, and obediently, without any reservation. . . . It is my prayer that my conduct will prove to Your Eminence and my Bishop that you have made no mistake in receiving me and my people into the fold of Christ. . . . "

SUNDAY morning came at last. Mass was at ten, and the Berzinec home was full of priests. Bishop Ivancho was vesting upstairs. The ladies of the church knew that, after Mass, men like to eat and so, even now, the house was full of the smell of coffee and home-baked bread. The Knights of Columbus honor guard arrived in silk hats and capes with silvery swords scabbarded at their sides.

The cars arrived early, and the latecomers had to swing around the corners and back into narrow spaces. The little girls arrived to lead the procession, their little blue coats whipping in the wind outside and the little bouquets of chrysanthemums all the more precious because they were so few.

Inside, the activity was faintly reminiscent of a wedding. Everybody was running upstairs or down. Mrs. Berzinec, in black dress and black hat, stood in the kitchen doorway helpless with happiness. If, at that moment, the house had burned down, she would have smiled at the warmth it created.

Photos by Tobias, Akron



Mrs. Berzinec prepares the square hosts of leavened bread

Fr. Berzinec vested for Mass the morning of the great return

Bill stood on the lawn and said th the procession ought to be starting so because the church was jammed. T writer, a skeptic born, counted the pe ple and they came to 246, not counti the choir.

The Mass began and, as I said, t people were the happiest I've ever see The Bishop was grave and dignified the throne to the right. Four prie were on the altar. As one, all the p rishioners sang the responses. In t third pew on the extreme left, M Berzinec knelt. She held her rosary hi that morning.

Father Berzinec has a ruddy co plexion, but that morning, as he mov to the top step of the altar, his sk was snowy. Just before the Communi of the Mass, this drama reached its c max. Lighted candles were distribut to all the people kneeling in the pe It was so quiet that you could hear t hum of the heating fans. Father Be zinec knelt at the feet of Bishop Iva cho and led his people in this professi of faith.

"I recognize the Holy, Roman, Cat olic, and Apostolic Church as the moth and teacher of all Churches, and promise and swear true obedience the Roman Pontiff, successor of Peter, Prince of the Apostles, and Vic of Jesus Christ." Father Berzinec w close to tears.

Then all went to Holy Communio venerating the Blessed Mother on the return. For a man not to have bee moved at the sight, he would have to h harder than stone.

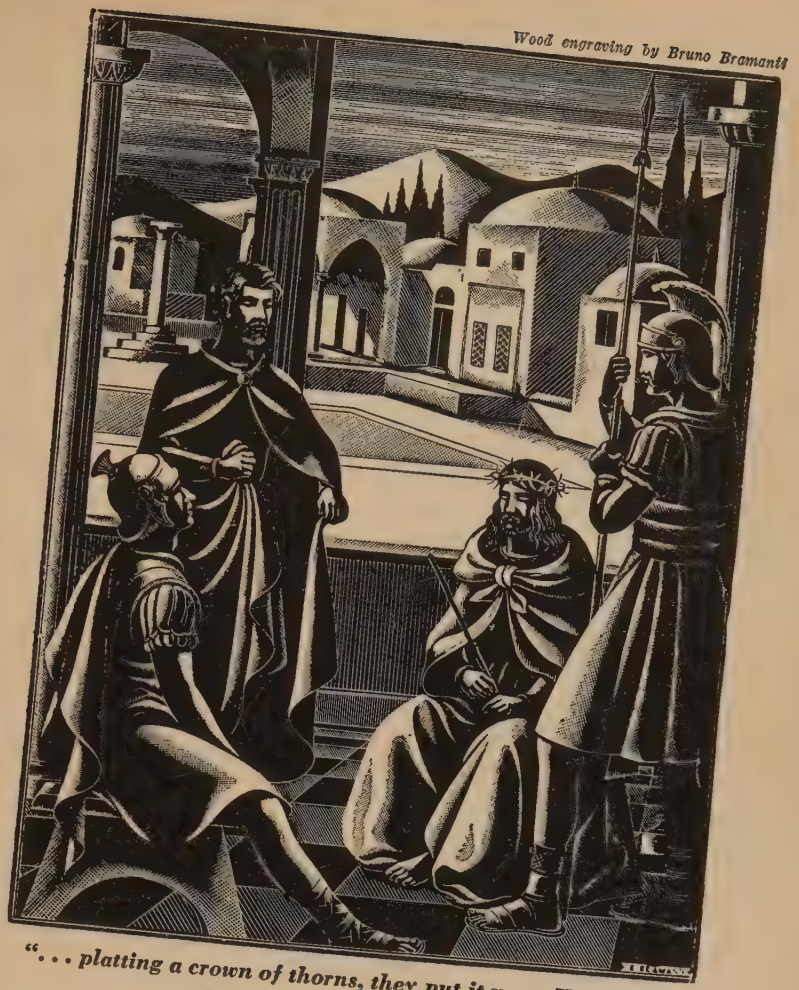
Don't ever doubt it. The Hand w there. . . .

THE HOURS OF THE PASSION

The Crowning

Much of human life and sin is acted out in the curtained secrecy of the mind. For this, Christ's head was crowned with thorns

by JUDE MEAD, C. P.



Wood engraving by Bruno Bramanti

"... platting a crown of thorns, they put it upon His head"

THE head is the most noble member of the human body. Physically, because here sense perceptions are processed into material for intellectual knowledge. Mentally, because the human brain governs, from the head, all the other members of the body. And spiritually, because here reside the intentions and aspirations of human nature, the first operations of the intellectual soul of man, distinguishing between good and evil, choosing the good, the true, and the beautiful. The ancients honored art and poetry and writing by crowning the head with laurel. Even athletes received a crown for the exercise of the body. Kings were given crowns to signify their wisdom and the dignity of their office. It is precisely because of its nobility that the human head is honored.

Even nature gives a special protection to the head. In imminent danger, at an accident, the first impulse is to protect the head. It is precisely the honorable position of the head that makes the abuse of it so insulting and revolting. The emissaries of the ancient Hebrews were contumeliously treated by having half their heads shaved. A blow in the face is the highest affront, an invitation to a duel to death. The Passion of Jesus is referred to by the sacred liturgy as the "duel between life and death." Therefore we should not be surprised to see in the history of the Passion of Jesus the most insulting abuse heaped on the Sacred Head of Jesus.

The mistreatment of the head of Christ reached its climax in the second mocking of Jesus. He had already been reviled by the Jews during His all-night imprisonment, and now He was assailed by the Roman soldiers. Indeed, they gathered together the whole band, about five hundred men, to witness the shameful treatment of Jesus.

The evangelist describes this scene for us, "Then the soldiers of the Governor, taking Jesus in the hall, gathered together unto Him the whole band, and stripping Him they clothed Him with purple. And platting a crown of thorns, they put it upon His head, and a reed in His right hand. And bowing the knee before Him, they began to salute Him, and they mocked Him, saying: "Hail, King of the Jews." And spitting upon Him, they took the reed and struck His head." (Matt. 27:27)

The scourging of Jesus was hardly over when this new suffering began. The whole cohort was assembled to watch this sport of a mock King. An old military cloak, long discarded, was thrown about the bruised and bleeding shoulders of Christ. His holy hands, still bound from the ring of the pillar of flagellation, received a broken reed for a sceptre. A crown only was wanting to Jesus Christ the King. Satan himself seems to have been the designer of the diadem of thorns. The soldiers discovered at hand the twining branches of the briar, covered with sharp points within and without. From this was the crown of Jesus made, amid coarse jests and curses, when the soldiers' hands were pricked by the spikes.

From the testimony of holy visionaries and the actual relic of the crown of thorns, carried by St. Louis, ninth of the name to rule France, and placed in the rare architectural gem called the Sainte Chapelle in Paris, the crown was actually a cap, with thorns woven over and across the head. This was a wreath with cross strands. Thus, when Jesus was crowned, the whole crown of His head was pierced with thorns. So difficult was this instrument of torture for the soldiers to handle that it was necessary to push it down and force it into

place by the use of rods, this being the reason for the soldiers' striking Jesus on the head.

It is almost impossible to imagine the intensity of pain which the crowning with thorns caused the Sacred Head and humanity of the God-Man. St. Leonard of Port Maurice, the fiery Franciscan preacher of the eighteenth century, gives this testimony: "A single thorn that penetrates the foot of a lion causes him so much pain that the King of the Beasts roars and rages and fills the forest with his howling. What a terrible pain, then, must so many thorns have caused, which penetrated not the padded foot, but the tender head of Jesus. Indeed, when the head suffers the pain cannot be slight; and what would only be a slight pain in any other member of the body becomes in the head a veritable torture."

All the time Jesus has in this world from now until His death, He will bear the crown of thorns. Even when they once more dress Him in His own clothes, the diadem of throbbing pain is left upon His brow. And the reason for this is the shocking realization that it could not be removed without directly causing the death of Christ, so deeply is it embedded in His matted scalp.

WHILE the head of Jesus is racked with this pain, the soldiers, admiring their costuming and make-up of the mock king, salute Him with the most vile insults. This time, the eyes of Jesus are not veiled, and He sees His tormentors with their leering smiles and mock genuflections. On Good Friday, the Church puts this reproach into the mouth of the suffering Saviour: "My people, my people, what have I done to thee? Or in what have I saddened thee? To thee I gave a royal sceptre, and thou hast given my head a crown of thorns. For thee I have slain the kings of Canaan, and thou hast beaten my head with a reed."

The astounding element of all the scenes of the Passion of Jesus is His silence. Never does He complain. Never does He cry out. Not even at this hateful demonstration.

The medieval artists, whose souls were so full of faith, have a happy faculty of knowing the essentials in the Passion. Their penchant for illustration of the mocking of Christ accentuates beyond measure the crowning with thorns. They try to illustrate the number of thorns by winding almost ridiculous lengths of thorns about the head of Jesus. They knew that Christ was a King. He was willing to suffer this indignity because He is a King of Sorrows. And this He is by His free choice. In the act of man crowning Jesus with sharp thorns, the artist of the Middle Ages saw a mystical triumph of the silent Christ, receiving a crown after His own heart.

Jesus Christ is indeed the Man of the Hour. Every hour of time sees His triumph. As the King of loving hearts, His painful crowning as a mock king is a great victory. Since that day, many a royal crown has been discarded for the thorny crown of Christ. Many a youthful heart has been moved to prefer a hidden life in the cloister to a crown of worldly success. The thorn-crowned King still triumphs.

The holy Fathers and Doctors of the Church point out that, despite the good effects in latter days of the crowning of Jesus, the same evil causes that produced it still exist. It is the almost universal opinion of those who write on the crowning with thorns that Jesus endured this suffering in a special way to atone for sins of thought. In a world so indifferent to the law of God, our present Holy Father has declared that the greatest sin of humanity today is its loss of the sense of sin. From Sinai, God thundered the last two commandments, which are directed specifically against sins of the mind. This generation needs to be reminded of the reality and iniquity of sins of the mind. There are among the damned in Hell souls that were never guilty of any evil or impure action but who nevertheless were found hateful to God because of grievous sins of thought.

The sins of thought fall into three modes: Morose delectation or a morbid delight in beholding someone else's sin or in contemplating the commission of such a sin ourselves. Joy with which we are again enjoying the pleasure attached to already committed sins. And lastly, desire, which is a craving for sin that is consented to by the mind. As can at once be seen, any one of these modes can be ascribed to any kind of sin. Thus sins of thought, no matter what their mode, can be committed not only against purity, but also against justice and charity, faith and hope, temperance and prudence. And to see how displeasing to God are these sins of thought, one need only call to mind the Sacred Head of Christ crowned with thorns.

HOW wicked are those who compose or produce books, stage plays, and motion pictures which are calculated to arouse passion and evil thoughts in their spectators! What shall we say of those responsible for the sale of pornographic periodicals to our teen-agers of the corner-store variety? In the light of the crowning with thorns, who can whitewash those who make their livelihood on calumny and detraction—whose whole purpose is to make money by sowing discord, suspicion, and rash judgments in the minds of their readers? And are the avid readers of the above less worthy of censure? Let such listen to the scathing condemnation of Christ, the thorn-crowned King:

"Let them alone. They are blind leaders of the blind." (Matt. 15:14)

"For from the heart come forth evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false testimonies, blasphemies.

These are the things that defile a man." (Matt. 15:19)

THE OLDER SINGERS ANSWER

by ***EARL BYRD***

No laboratory tube or microscope
Or lamp or knife reveals the answer here:
What chemic agent fuses faith and hope?
What meter lights or rings when God draws near?

Return me to those lyric friars of old
Who smile away my questions "How" and "Why"
And sing of pearly gates and streets of gold
In that far-off great city in the sky.

Where ranged along the parapet and quay
The host of angels chants the news of earth,
And there sits God through all eternity
Decreeing life and love and death and birth.

So while the scope and slide and scales are mute
Call Petrarch, Dante, Palestrina hence,
They answer us with harp and viol and lute,
And somehow, in a senseless age make sense.

Jim Crow Draws Blood

The South African native has lost patience with the white. Somebody has taught him the art of terrorism. He is using it

by JOHN LAURENCE

THE doctor was a nun, a thirty-three-year-old Dominican, Sister Aidan. Born in Ireland, her name in the world had been Elsie Quinlan. At the clinic of St. Peter Claver Mission, she treated about a hundred and twenty patients a day.

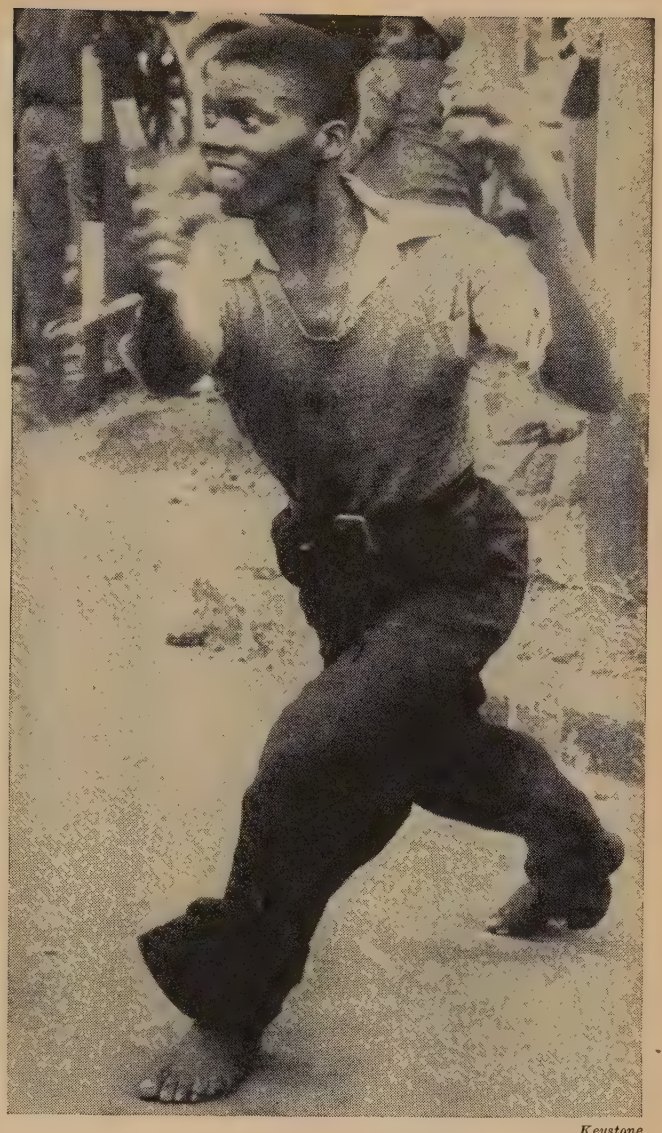
On November 9, she was taking baskets of food to some Negro patients. Coming on a wounded native, she got out of the mission car to attend him. While bending over the man, she was clubbed with a stone, stabbed, stuffed back into the car, drenched with gasoline, and set afire. The place was East London, in the Union of South Africa.

Perhaps her murderers did not know who she was. Perhaps they were drunk. Perhaps the destruction of the mission and clinic, three hours later, was only an excited mob gesture and not planned terrorism. Perhaps, too, that was the case across the river, a few days later, when another mission church was fired.

Perhaps!

What *is* happening in South Africa? Are we witnessing the beginning of the end of white South Africa? Are the African riots the first stirrings of an organized Black rebellion? Or are they only unconnected flashes of strained temper in a downtrodden people who despair of ever getting a fair deal from their white rulers?

South Africans do not know. They are not in a state of panic—yet. But they are alarmed and confused and are asking questions angrily and anxiously. They are demanding a full-scale inquiry into the riots, a demand with which the Government is reluctant to comply.



A rioting Native African throws a rock at a shop window, in Durban, South Africa

Keystone

Government spokesmen have blamed the violence on the English-speaking press, claiming that its malicious criticism of Government policy has encouraged rebellion. Together with the press, they indicate the Opposition (the United Party), the Government of India, Indians resident in South Africa, the Mau-Mau terrorists, the Communists, foreign news correspondents, the Anglican Bishops, and every churchman who has denounced from his pulpit the Government's policy of racial segregation *(apartheid.)*

Understandably, in their turn, the United Party and the English-speaking press lay the whole blame on the Government.

American and English news correspondents have added to the mess. They rushed to South Africa for a quick, interesting story. The little they have seen, they have seen out of context, and their reports, naturally, are distortions of the South African scene. Their offhand production of inept comment has provoked even South African liberals and has given considerable weight to the Government's charge that foreign critics are a menace to the highly combustible political atmosphere of South Africa.

Our racial problems, here in South Africa, are complicated. They are not the same problems that are encountered in the American Deep South, and the newsman who projects them against that background will be doing everybody a wrong.

The South African has bungled the race problem. He knows that and is uneasy in his conscience about it. But he is trying to do something about it and realizes that it is a knotty domestic issue, calling for considerable experience of local affairs. Lectures on the Brotherhood of Man, delivered in New York or London papers, are no help at all and can only seem to him recklessly conceited and presumptuous.

JOHN LAURENCE is a journalist who is at present living in South Africa.

The South African has traveled. He knows of the Jim Crow traditions to be found in the southern United States. And he knows—what few Americans realize—that those traditions are a more serious assault on human dignity than the South African discrimination.

The bulk of the African people have not yet emerged from barbarism. Any critic who fails to take this into account, in prescribing remedies for Africa's ills, is only playing into the hands of the die-hard Nationalists, whom he probably thinks he is helping to discredit. He also embarrasses the true liberals who are realistically trying to do something about the matter. The African is still largely primitive. To say so is no more a condemnation of him than locking up the kitchen matches is a condemnation of small children.

The crime of South Africa is not that it has regarded the African, in his present condition, as a savage. The crime is that it elected to power a government pledged to perpetuate him in that social category.

If the African became culturally adult, certainly he would demand to be treated politically as an adult. He would want some share in the government of his country in which he outnumbers the whites by three to one. He would insist on a standard of living and pay in keeping with his merits and not in keeping with such an incidental consideration as the color of his skin. This would seem to be a thoroughly understandable ambition.

Unfortunately, too many South Africans do not see the question that way. If the African got equal rights, they feel, he would dominate the country. The white South African way of life would be smothered and would eventually occupy nothing but a coldly commemorative page of history. This, for what it is worth, is the angle which produced *apartheid.*

There is no question about the origin of the recent riots. They were planned and nursed along by agitators who convinced certain Africans that anything but bloodshed and mob violence was useless against the continuing ignominy which faced them at the hands of their white masters. Every South African knows this. In fact, it was freely predicted that the natives would eventually revolt unless there was a radical change in the attitude of white toward black. What was not foreseen was the fact that the rebellion was so close to the boiling point.

But to accuse the Government of being solely responsible for the excitement is unfair. Africans had been exploited for many years before Dr. Malan came to power. What is new is the pitch and extent of the anti-white bitterness. That is as new as the fighting word, *apartheid.* When the Government proclaimed the policy of *apartheid,* it was telling Africans that they would never be permitted to work beside the white man as an equal, sharing with him the responsibilities of government. Any such notion was only dream stuff. South Africa was, by conquest, white man's country. It would be kept white—by force if necessary. *Apartheid* did not give the African his first taste of social injustice. But it helped convince him that the white man would never let him get the taste out of his mouth.

It is unfair, too, to accuse the Nationalists (Dr. Malan's party) of indifference to the welfare of the African. Much of the national income has been spent on improving living conditions for the African. This, incidentally, is more than the African would do to help himself. For like other uncivilized groups, he is shiftless and lazy.

In South African Government circles, where it is sincerely defended as the only feasible policy, *apartheid* is not a new word for persecution. The typical Nationalist believes that he, as a white man, knows best. If the African doesn't like it, it is just too bad. The Nationalist also believes that the black man's predestined place in South Africa is one of subservience. So much so that if he upsets the white man, he will commit not only murder but suicide.

The United Party, because it is the Opposition, will, following the universal political tactic, whack the Government with any stick it can find. The biggest and best stick, of course, is *apartheid,* the unimaginative way it has been applied, and the terrifying violence of African resentment.

The Government questions the sincerity of the Opposition in its championing of the African. Accuses it of being secretly in sympathy with the principles of *apartheid.* Certain Independents consider that here the Government has a legitimate grouse.

In defense of themselves, the Nationalists protest that every South African is committed to *apartheid.* That is a half-truth. Everyone does realize that it will take generations for the African people, as a whole, to take its place among the civilized peoples of the world. That is a reasonable and realistic position. It is not the outlook of *apartheid.*

Anybody, of course, is privileged to disagree with Dr. Malan and the Nationalists. The African leaders do. So, too, it seems, does most of the civilized world. Even in South Africa, many whites, claiming to know as much about the African as any Nationalist, differ with the Government on race policy.

Meanwhile, however, more and more Africans are falling for the line handed them by full-time agitators who go from town to town exciting violence. Their senseless acts of savagery are alienating even their white friends and are driving uncommitted voters into the camp of the Nationalists.

Most South Africans choose not to believe that recent headlined riots will continue, much less grow. This opinion

Daniel Francis Malan, leader of Nationalist Party and Prime Minister of South Africa. Promoter of apartheid

Rev. Michael Scott, Anglican clergyman and spoken critic of South African policy of white supremacy

Moses Kotane, African Congress leader. One of those jailed for civil rights organization among the natives

Black Star

Jacobus Gideon Nel Strauss, leader of Opposition (United Party) and critic of program of apartheid

Keyst

y base on the African leaders themves. These men, who sponsored the ssive Resistance Movement, profess ck at the excesses it has developed o.

They are probably sincere in saying t violence is not part of the pro- m of the African National Congress. The Government, however, will not erate even passive resistance to its ns for white supremacy. And passive istance is part of the program of African National Congress. The vernment has refused to allow these rican leaders to address their own ople. This, say the leaders, is how exmists have gotten in their licks. Reable leadership has been denied the tives. So they follow the irresponsible d which has incited the riots.

There is reason to fear that by this e the initiative has already passed m the Passive Resistance moderates those who want to drive the whites t of South Africa.

As might be expected in any area of ial unrest, over the scene lurks the ister shadow and scent of Comnism. The methods used by the agiors are importations—tactics that have en developed in countries which the rican has never seen. When Africans hauled into court for violation of segregation laws, legal defense is ovided by lawyers who have more n a casual interest in Communism. e only Communists in Parliament ve been put there by Africans.

There is something else which supts the theory that Communists are at work in the recent disorders. The worst enemy of the Communist is the man who is sincerely interested in the people's real welfare. That is the type of man who has suffered most in the riots.

Sister Aidan's charred body indicates that there are Africans who want no part with any white man. They will not rest till the whites are driven out or plowed under. If they gain control of their people, neither bullets nor government reform will interrupt their program.

These extremists know their power. But they know, too, the ignorance and the inertia of their people. If they can organize the blacks, South Africa will be thrown into economic chaos and the day of the white man in South Africa—in fact, in all Africa—will be over.

Should South Africa bid for survival by military force, the white man will be reminded that South Africa is only a tiny part of a vast black continent. There will not be soldiers enough to teach the Africans of the hinterland that a visa is necessary to gain admittance to South Africa.

Two constructive approaches to the problem have been offered. One is the separation of the races into different territories. In this way, each race would live its own life, developing according to its own choice and with social grades of its own making. There would be none of the explosive animosity which results from the commingling of races, one of which sets standards of respectability which the other is prevented from matching. This arrangement would eliminate non-Europeans as the unskilled labor pool of the South African white.

The other approach is the integration of non-Europeans into a single-unit South African society. This would be gradually accomplished, at a speed determined by the ability of the non-European to rise to white standards.

Which of these solutions of the race question is better is a matter of debate. The important thing is for South Africans to think of non-Europeans as human beings and to act accordingly. That calls for re-education of public opinion in certain quarters.

The great majority of Africans are moderate in what they ask. They want clear recognition of their basic rights —rights affecting such things as their human dignity, their home life, working conditions, the education and protection of their children. They know they can grow up to the rest.

Public opinion is the key to the whole affair. Politicians do not harbor a secret ambition for political suicide. They will give the public what it wants, and at the speed and with an air that the public would like to see.

It is not yet too late for white South Africa to salvage itself. To show the African—and the world—that its Christianity is not a sham. That it really loves the Christ it professes to worship. That it has not forgotten that He died for *all* mankind.

But it's getting late. It's already the eleventh hour.

During his trial. Dr. Moroka (left), President of African National Congress

Black Star Photos

Native protest meeting during the trial of Dr. Moroka and other nonwhite leaders. Speaker is youth leader, Miss Viola Hashe

Gathering at the River

Class reunions should be made more humane affairs. It's too much shock to the system to observe the ravages of time after a quarter of a century

by LUCILE HASLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK EVERS

"You know, for the person having the most children"

I FEEL that high school class reunions, if people *have* to have high school class reunions, should be managed along more humane lines. That is, I feel they should be held annually. Preferably semiannually. Certainly, it's too great a shock to the nervous system to wait a quarter of a century, as my class of '27 did, before gathering at the river.

I didn't know, of course, what time and the river had done to my old South Bend Central chums, but the last time they'd seen *me*—well, I'd been a petite, ukelele-playing, seventeen-year-old Presbyterian with spit curls.

"What dress should I wear?" I asked my husband nervously, on the evening of June the twenty-first. "What makes me look most petite?"

"Petite!" he said, his jaw dropping a good three inches. "Don't you think it's a little late in the day to be worrying about . . . look, why don't you just have a stiff scotch-and-soda before you go?"

"The committee," I said, with simple dignity, "is taking care of *that*, thank you." Indeed, that was the one and only thing that the committee, on which I'd served, could agree upon. After twenty-five years, agreed the committee, only alcohol could make the whole thing bearable. Without a cocktail hour preceding the banquet, how could anyone—after getting a load of the lame and the blind and the halt—be even able to enjoy the food?

Aside from this crying need for anesthesia, the committee couldn't seem to come to grips on much of anything. Someone suggested an evening of dancing and was hooted down, with cynical hoots, by the treasurer. The budget couldn't afford, he said, to have a crew of osteopaths on call, waiting in the Oliver Hotel lobby. It wouldn't be so bad, of course, if people would just stick to a slow waltz or maybe the minuet, but *some* fat-headed idiot would be sure, in a nostalgic mood, to call for the Charleston.

Wouldn't it be far better, and safer, to just set up some tables for Mahjong? Or, how about putting on some funny skits? Maybe a style show featuring the felt helmets and gunny sack dresses we girls had worn back in '27?

No skit, said one of "we girls" gloomily, would seem even *remotely* funny after we all got a good look at each other, circa 1952. Why not run off some colored films on, say, our National Parks?

"Well, we'll work out the entertainment later," said the chairman. "Anyway, the questionnaires are coming in fine. Only one classmate, so far, is in the penitentiary and there's been only one suicide reported and . . . say, did anyone track down Charlie Plimhimmon? *I* heard he was dead but we don't want to print him on the obituary list, of course, until we're sure."

"What *is* the latest score on the dead?" I asked, nervously glancing around the table. Two, four, six, eight . . . well, none of the committee, at least, had died off since last week's meeting.

The chairman glanced down at his papers. "Well, let's see . . . with Charlie Plimhimmon, if he *is* dead, that is . . . well, it looks like twenty-eight."

There was a prayerful three-minute silence, as was only proper, and then the chairman said, rather firmly: "I think we ought to *definitely* rule out any dancing, don't you? Just hire a string trio for some soft background music? I mean, there's bound to be a lot of people with high blood pressure and coronary conditions and I . . . well, as chairman, I'd like to keep the casualties down to twenty-eight."

Feeling like casualty #29 coming up, I slunk into the Oliver Hotel lobby on the evening of June the twenty-first. I was wearing, after much agonizing indecision, a neat black and white print dress that did nothing for me whatsoever except make me *feel* more like a chameleon. Over by the elevator, half shrinking behind a potted palm, was another woman wearing a neat black and white print.

We eyed each other speculatively. "Aren't you," she began nervously, "I mean, that is, didn't you *used* to be Lucile Hardman? I remember you were on the volleyball team. I don't suppose," she continued in a wretched voice, "that you remember me?"

"Gee," I said, in an equally wretched voice, "you certainly look familiar but I . . . uh . . . were we on the volleyball team together? You're . . . wait a minute . . . you're Edith . . . no, wait a minute . . . you're Ethel . . ."

"Gladys," she said mournfully. "Gladys Hannafeld. They used to call me "Glad." Only, I wasn't ever on the volleyball team. I wasn't the athletic type like you were."

"Glad" and I stepped into the elevator together. I, personally, felt very bucked up—this being remembered as a past athlete—but I was afraid I hadn't done much for Glad's morale. "I'm married," Glad was saying, still in that wretched voice, "but my husband wouldn't come along."

"Mine neither," I said, with true regret. (If only he could have heard, with his own ears, that reference to me being the athletic type!) "He hasn't yet recovered from *his* class reunion at Notre Dame two years ago. Heavens, you should've seen him when he came home, wearing the silliest little baseball cap. I'm certainly glad *our* twenty-fifth anniversary reunion is going to be on the dignified side."

As we stepped out of the elevator, we were practically knocked down by one of the committee members rushing by. He was carrying two live rabbits by the ears. "Don't tell anyone," he hissed, getting a fresh grip on their ears, "but this is one of the prizes. You know, for the person having the most children."

"Well, *anyway,*" I said to Glad, as we walked over to the registration desk, "I know for a fact we won't have to wear baseball caps."

As the woman at the desk handed me a little typewritten card, bearing my name, she said with a certain sharpness: "I remember *you* all right. You beat me in the croquet finals at Camp Tannatonnah."

My athletic prowess, by now, was beginning to embarrass me. To soothe old wounds, I assured her I probably couldn't sight a wicket three feet away any now and then proceeded, all unwittingly, to prove my point. "You've pinned your identification card on upside down," she said, pointing to my bosom. She looked, I thought, quite happy about it.

The general idea behind the typewritten cards, I'm sure, was that they would prove helpful in guessing who everyone was. Lacking a magnifying glass, or even bifocals, I found it only added to my embarrassment. I mean, having to lean way over and peer at names, grazing my nose on brooch pins and buttons in the process, and then straightening up with a glad cry: "But of course! Naturally, I recognized you right off! I just wanted to check the *married* name!" This couldn't work, obviously, with the men. With them, I tried: "But of course! I just wanted to check and see if you were a captain or colonel by now!"

My worst moment of the evening, when it came to peering at names and making a suitable comeback, was when I spelled out "Charlie Plimhimmon." I sprang back in alarm. Almost, but not quite, I'd screamed: "But you're supposed to be *dead!*" A greeting which, I'm sure, would have bucked Charlie up to end.

The highlight of the evening—and a moment I'll always treasure—was when some unlabeled gentleman, about four and a half feet tall, came up and said in a husky voice: "Lucile, you won't remember me but I want you to know that I . . . well, I've never been able to forget you."

"You mean," I said suspiciously, "because I was so athletic? Because I was on the volleyball team?"

"You? Volleyball?" His pained look implied I was too ethereal to even bat a ping-pong ball. "Gee, no, Lucile, I always remember you as you were on Stunt Night—dooing a tap dance and playing "Five Foot Two, Eyes Of Blue" on your ukulele. Since then, I've just never been able to forget you."

"Really?" I murmured, in a highly gratified voice. What a *wonderful* evening this was, after all. The string trio, in the background, was playing a medley of "Whispering," "Avalon," and Irving Berlin's "Always." "You mean," I went on, softly, "you've never married?"

He had the grace to blush. Well, yes, he admitted, he *had* got married. Had four kids, in fact.

I rallied swiftly. "And is your wife here?" I asked, glancing around the vicinity for any likely midget.

The felt hats and gunny-sack dresses we wore in '27

"Oh, *she's* home painting the bedroom furniture," he said, with boyish simplicity. "Anyway, Lucile, I just wanted to tell you," and here his voice grew husky again, "that I always thought you were the prettiest girl in the whole class. In fact," and here his voice scraped the bottom of the barrel, "you were always my dream girl."

I lean, by nature, toward a healthy scepticism but—considering my friend's height—I didn't doubt his statement for a minute. I mean, I was so short myself that I was always the dream girl of every runt in the class. While the other girls danced off with all the six-foot athletes, I was always pursued—but madly—by the male dwarfs.

Tonight, it seemed, was no exception.

For dinner we had spring chicken, mashed potatoes, fresh peas, avocado salad, and peach melba. The string trio, in the background, played "At Sundown," "Sleepy-Time Gal," and "Ramona" as I listened to my dinner partner, a dentist from Cleveland, explain the effects of chlorine on dental decay. Someone got up and gave a speech about how we were the children of the depression, but how gamely we had, nevertheless, clung to our ideals.

By way of proof, he introduced Marilee DuPont. Marilee DuPont, who back in school had had long golden curls that hung to her waist, was introduced as being now a dance instructor in Hollywood. Whereupon Marilee—*still* with long golden curls that hung to her waist—kicked off her shoes and did a swooping ballet dance, among the tables, to "Tea For Two."

It just went to show, I thought to myself, as I gnawed my chicken, that there was no excuse for any woman—with any git up and go—not to keep in trim. Me, I couldn't even remember two chords on my old ukulele. Of course, Marilee was still single and. . . .

"And now," said the toastmaster, "I want each of you to write down, on the white cards you see by your plates, all the information you can dig out of the person on your right. Then Dan here—and you all remember Dan—is going around the room, with a walkie-talkie, and let each of you have a turn at the mike. Start digging, folks!"

I dug out, from the pretty and brown-eyed lady on my right, that she was now a local Christian Science reader. She, on her part—although she wasn't *supposed* to do any digging—observed pleasantly: "I hear *you're* a fallen-away Presbyterian. Is it true you went over to Rome?" This so startled me, for I'd never heard "fallen-away" used quite that way before, that I almost forgot to worry about the dentist on my left. I mean, worrying as to how he'd get through his speech. I had finally—after trying to explain that I was a writer (w r i t e r) and that, no, I'd never appeared in *Dental Hygiene*—taken the pencil away from him. "Maybe I better write it down for you," I'd said, kindly. "It'll go faster that way."

But I needn't have worried. My dentist friend did beautifully. "On my right," he announced, "is Lucile Hardman—or I mean she used to be—and she used to be pretty sharp on the ukulele. Now she's a . . . ah . . . writer." He peered down at his card uncertainly and then added: "At least, that's what it says here."

Who, pray, could have summed it up neater?

A SIGN PICTURE STORY

Ellis Island's Young Immigrants

SO NEAR yet so far. A father and son look across to Manhattan.

• Of all the thousands of children who are coming to America these days, one per cent, at most, find their way to our shores through the Detention Station at Ellis Island. All of them, of course, are accompanied by parents or guardians, and these latter may be detained for one reason or another. Many times, it is faulty papers or a certain disease that bars them from our shores. So they must wait and the children with them. Sometimes they are delayed only a few hours: other times it may be a couple of years. In the meantime the children wait. While they wait, they attend schools with qualified instructors who speak a number of foreign languages. They have a huge library at their disposal and enjoy two motion pictures a week. The welfare societies and friends supply them with toys. Most of all, they thrive on good food, the best food they have tasted in their short lives. But what they wait for most ardently is the ferry ride across the New York Harbor to the magical towers of Manhattan and —freedom.

CHILDREN learn English as parents patiently await entry.

FAMILIES AT MASS. They all have one intention — entrance to U. S.

SHE LOOKS PUZZLED. The crayons are a novelty to this young lady

Children provide a little extra entertainment for their parents

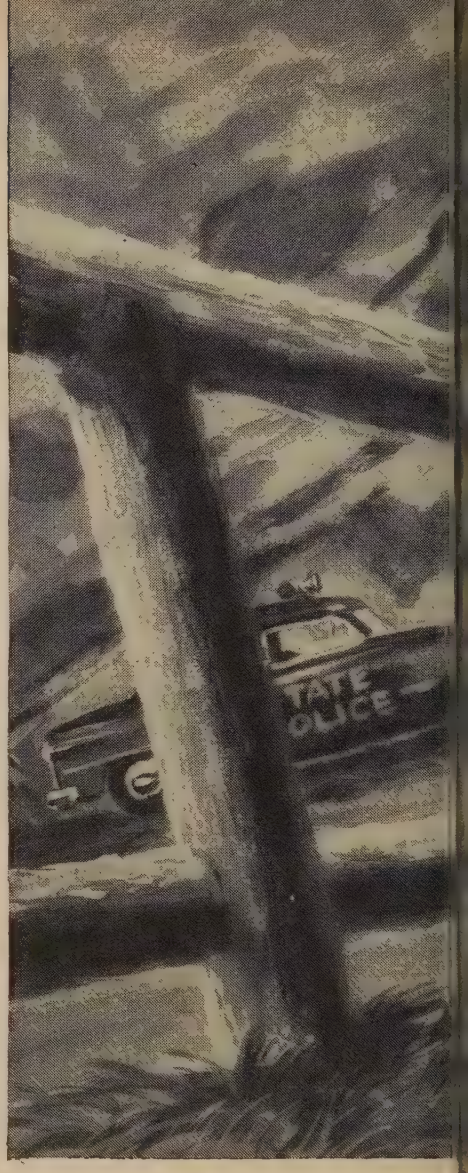
This youngster is in no hurry to leave — not with all that food

Preparing for the big day, the children learn to salute the flag

With the arrival of Hugo and Felix, a strange and tragic drama began in the shadow of Seminary Hill

by MYLES CONNOLLY

ILLUSTRATED BY DOM LUPO



Semina

I HAD no use for Hugo from the first moment I laid eyes on him, but my first impressions have been so often wrong, and my good wife so often right, I let her talk me out of my opinion, or, at least, out of acting on it. I must say I did not acquiesce too readily, my dislike of Hugo being as deep as it was immediate, and if it had not been for Father Andrews' devotion to him, I doubt if I ever would have acquiesced at all. It turned out it might have been better for all of us if I had stood boldly by my first impressions.

I live a good rifle's shot from the seminary, though it might be said it is nearer than that, for my home is on a small knoll while the seminary is on a high hill across a ravine from me, and looks almost directly down on me. Perhaps I should say I look up to it, for it dominates the whole country here, standing solitary and large and impressive against the sky.

My house, a frame house once white, is the nearest house to Seminary Hill and thus might be described as living in the shadow of its impressiveness, or of its mystery, as the mood might be. From a short distance, indeed, our knoll appears to be a part of the Hill, like a humble footstool for it. My house is a farmhouse though I am not a farmer, and my three weed-matted acres are, I'm sure, a blot on the farm-checkered landscape to those who can look down on them. I teach History in the high school in town twelve miles away and moved out here a little over two years ago so I could have quiet for writing in my spare time.

I had quiet enough up till Hugo's arrival, and wrote enough, but none of it has seen print and my wife, Frances, is of the opinion I could do just as well (or just as badly) in the heart of town. Don't misunderstand Frances. She is the perfect mate for me and loves me dearly, I'm sure, but she has no great hope for my ambition to be a writer.

Father Andrews brought Hugo into my life. Father Andrews is the Spiritual Director at the seminary and a saint and a hard man to refuse anything. He is a slight man, a little less than tall, with gray hair that had once been blond and blue eyes as level and as clear as any, I'm sure, ever possessed by man. He had a way of smiling his requests at you, saying, "I have the most wonderful idea," so that he made you feel he was doing you a very special kindness. He regarded all of his requests as opportunities. You might be amused at him but you could never be annoyed, for whatever he asked for he asked for someone else.

I can see him now as he drove into the yard that September Saturday morning to tell me I was to have the opportunity of taking in Hugo. The seminary pickup truck, battered and muddy, reeled around the last curve, slid quaking to the far side of the gravel road, as if it would go down into the ravine, then, at the last instant, righted itself and, as the brakes were jammed on, skidded into the yard. Father Andrews, bareheaded and in his black cassock (with two or three top buttons missing as usual) stepped serenely out of the truck. I went down to meet him in the yard.

"I have the most wonderful idea," he began with his smile, and straightway I knew I was in for it.

The wonderful idea he had for me was, as I have said, Hugo. Hugo was a refugee, a fugitive from Eastern Poland who had made his way through Czecho-Slovakia into America and thence into Italy and had now at last arrived, to use Father Andrews' words, in the land of his lifelong dreams. He was a farmer, a peasant, the stuff, as Father Andrews put it, out of which civilizations are built, and uncultured though he was, his sufferings had given him a wisdom that was greater than any education. We were truly fortunate, Father Andrews declared, in having been chosen to give the heroic Hugo a home.

He waved eloquently to my three weedy acres. Hugo would turn my ground into a paradise of fresh vegetables and beautiful flowers. He suggested we could fix up the room and bath over the garage as living quarters for him—his wants were few and primitive—and we could give him a few dollars a week for spending money and we would have in turn an investment in accomplishment and loyalty far more pleasant and profitable than any money could buy. Everything was completely simple to Father Andrews.

He drove the Ford at full speed off the road and down a steep embankment

Hill

Hugo was not to be my only good fortune, it appeared as Father Andrews went on. Hugo had a nephew, Felix, also a fugitive from persecution, who had come to this country with him and had been accepted as a student at the seminary. His studies in Europe had been interrupted by the persecution and now he was to resume them here. His uncle, Hugo, was all he had left in the world and it would be a source of great consolation to have him so close by the seminary. Felix was a youth of great sanctity, and we would be blessed by his nearness and his prayers.

All this was in the way of a shock to me. I had no desire to have a stranger around the place, for no matter how self-effacing he might be, his simple presence would, I was sure, ruffle the quiet I had so carefully cultivated for my writing.

I avoided Father Andrews' eyes as I said, "I'll talk it over with Frances and phone you later, Father."

"Fine, fine," he smiled. "They're coming to the seminary tomorrow afternoon and after I get Felix settled, the three of us will ride down here to you." Then he added, "You and Frances will be deeply rewarded for your charity—rewarded, I'm sure, beyond the benefits Hugo will bring you."

He got into the pickup truck, backed it away in a crazy arc, abruptly changed gears and went banging out of the courtyard and disappeared around the first curve with the rear of the truck almost skidding off the gravel road.

The rest of the day and most of the night, Frances and I spent clearing and cleaning the room over the garage. We had a two-car garage but only one car, so we arranged the spare space for storage. Frances did not feel nearly as put upon as I did. For one thing, she had been itching to get her hands on the surplusage in that room, and I knew in a short time most of it would be on its way to charitable institutions. But beyond that she liked the idea of the flowers and fresh vegetables, not sharing at all my profound belief that undisturbed quiet was necessary for my success as a writing man.

Well, into my world, dream or otherwise, Hugo came. Late Sunday afternoon, at the beginning of dusk, Father Andrews arrived with him and Felix. He introduced them with formality and pride. Felix was a moderately tall blond youth of about nineteen who carried himself with an erect military bearing as if he had had army training. He smiled as he acknowledged the introductions in only slightly accented Eng-

lish and then drew severely back a pace to leave the stage to his uncle, Hugo, whom he treated with obvious deference.

HUGO was the sort of individual that anyone would be inclined to treat with deference. He was a short, powerful man with a large, slightly protruding head. His forehead was high, especially at the temples, and his cheek bones were almost abnormally prominent, and from them his face was slanted sharply down to a narrow but powerful jaw. But it was his eyes that interested me most. They were black, large eyes that bulged slightly, and at whatever they looked, they stared, as if they were lidless, which they were not. There was a bold penetration to their stare which struck me, at least, as insolent. But insolent or not, it was a distorted, disconcerting stare.

Then, there was his hands, Hugo's arms were extremely short, and the hands, including the wrist that showed under his coat sleeves, were extremely long. The hands were soft and very white with abnormally long fingers, tapering slightly toward the tips. That these were the hands and fingers of a peasant and a farmer I could not believe.

After Father Andrews and Felix had gone that evening, we asked Hugo to have supper with us. He accepted with a nod as if it were something he had expected. Frances really put herself out, heating over for herself and me the pot roast we had had the night before and cooking up a small steak for him, but he made no comment, taking it apparently as his due.

He wasn't deliberately ungracious. Rather he acted with a cool and complete indifference to our feelings, as if there had been some sort of agreement that we were to administer to him and our satisfaction in doing so was to be our thanks and reward. It was to me impudence and presumption of the first order. But not to Frances. He was amusing, she said, he was such a character.

Later, after supper, without invitation he sat down at the piano and played. He played one long, sustained, strange composition that sounded to me like a solemn dirge that had been quickened to a fierce martial tempo. I had never heard it before. I don't know too much about music and Frances knows less so it may well have been some quite well-known modern creation. Hugo played it powerfully, with a controlled intensity, and he played it for himself alone. It was obvious that this man, however ungracious, was certainly no uncultured peasant.

Then, finished at the piano and indifferent to our loud praise, he indicated he would like to go to his quarters. He spoke almost always in monosyllables, sometimes little more than grunts, but managed very successfully to make himself understood. We took him across the yard to the garage and up the outside stairs to his room. We had put a great deal of effort into fixing up the room and were quite proud of our work and expected at least an expression of gratitude on his part. But there was none.

I was annoyed no end. But Frances, on the way back to the house, apologized for him, saying that he had no way of knowing all the work we had hurriedly put into the room and that therefore I was a little too demanding in expecting any expression of gratitude from him. I said nothing more at the time. But later, watching his shadow moving about in the room above the garage, I had to tell her my feeling of uneasiness.

"He's eccentric, I agree with you there," Frances said, "but I think we should remember how amazing it is, as Father Andrews pointed out, he has not been more warped by the suffering he has undergone. The poor man has been through so much. And he does play the piano beautifully."

"Especially for a gardener," I retorted, putting such sarcasm into the words as I was able to muster.

Frances came to the window and drew down the shade to shut off my gaze. "You just wait till we have our garden and our vegetables and flowers."

"*You* wait," I suggested.

Frances threw her arms around me. "Darling, if you were one whit different I wouldn't love you."

I bowed, for the time at least, to her affection.

SO Hugo came to stay. If he had experience as a gardener or any inclination toward such work I was never able to discover any sign of it. He made no least pretense of it, permitting, even, the hanging geraniums Frances had put in his room to wither and die.

Frances, her naïve faith in mankind challenged to greater trust by my dislike of Hugo, defended him. What planting could I expect in September and October, she rightly asked. But when I replied he could at least help me rake up the October leaves, she retorted with sound feminine logic that raking leaves was no job for a fine gardener.

There were several times in those first days when I, in town in school, had disturbing thoughts about this stranger in my house. For I felt deeply then that there was a quality of evil and ruin about him, though I could not have even hazarded a guess as to how it might show itself.

When I looked up at the seminary, especially in an autumn mist or a winter dusk, I felt there might be some strange justification of his presence. For the seminary, which dominated the countryside and my knoll particularly, dealt as I saw it, with absolutes: God and Satan, good and evil, death and the judgment, heaven and hell. Hugo belonged in my mind with the absolutes.

Whenever I spoke such thoughts as these to Frances, which was not often now, she invariably chided me. I was in my world of fantasies. Hugo, she continued to maintain, was a poor, homeless creature seeking to hide the hurt that life had inflicted on him in the deep privacy of himself. He was not conventional, she agreed. But because he was different, it did not follow he was wicked.

Without invitation, he sat down at the piano and played

Father Andrews likewise continued to see Hugo as a heroic martyr and a victim of barbarism, and, saint-like, he loved him. Two or three nights a week, Father Andrews would come over in the pickup truck and sit with us, sometimes for only fifteen or twenty minutes, sometimes for the evening. Hugo acted with the devoted Father Andrews about the way he acted with us, listening in a sort of cool neutrality as long as it pleased him, then departing abruptly. Father Andrews was not in anyway discontented by this incivility on Hugo's part. He ascribed it to the fact that Hugo had now become busy with a great work. He was making, he said, a study of seminary life in the United States. It was to be a searching study, one that would bring glory to all of us.

How it happened that Hugo, the erstwhile peasant gardener, had suddenly become the searching scholar, he did not explain, nor did I raise the point. Father Andrews was much too devoted to Hugo for me to permit myself the utterance of even one small suspicion in his presence.

Felix, who had been hardly known to us in the beginning, gradually grew to be a personality and a problem in our lives. On certain appointed afternoons, the seminarians went for recreational walks through the countryside. It was the rule that they should walk in groups or in twos but not singly. At first, Felix would stop by our house on these walks and always he would have a companion. He would go up to the room over the garage to visit Hugo, leaving the companion to while away his time below. This visiting of relatives was not ordinarily permitted the seminarians on their walks, but an exception was made for Felix who was so far from his home and homeland.

AFTER a time we noted he came on these walks without a companion. And at this time he began to undergo a radical change in his appearance. He grew nervous in his walking, tense in his behavior. His erect military carriage slowly left him. He lost his well-fed, bland look and became quite thin and almost angular.

One holiday, Washington's Birthday I think it was, I was home and happened to meet him face to face. I was shocked at the change in him. We exchanged a few routine words and then, reluctantly I thought, he continued on to the garage stairs to visit Hugo.

A few moments later, when I was in the garage loafing through the books stored there, I heard the rumble of Hugo's and Felix' voices in quarrel upstairs. Curiously, they were speaking English, which struck me as strange. It seemed to me, being uncle and nephew, they would have a common native language, though it was, of course, possible they came from different countries. They spoke with intense feeling, but as they kept their voices low, guardedly so I thought, I could make out very little of what was being said. I heard mention of Father Andrews several times and the words "duty" and "discipline."

That afternoon, when Frances and I were shifting furniture about in the living room—when spring was in the air Frances had to move furniture about—I mentioned the quarrel I had overheard and commented on the change in Felix. "He seems to be tortured about something," I said.

I might have known what she was going to say. "'Tortured,' really, darling?"

I was a little annoyed. "The word may be a strong one but the looks of the boy call for it. I have eyes in my head, haven't I?"

Contrite, she came to me. "I'm sorry.

• A dictatorship is a nation where men once had freedom but didn't use it.

—Quote

I—I thought maybe you had an idea Hugo was sticking pins in him or something like that."

"I wouldn't put it past him," I blurted out. "Something is happening to that boy."

Frances assumed her air of gentle wisdom, an air I love in her, not for the wisdom, which I'm not too sure about, but for the gentleness which is so much a part of her.

"I wasn't going to tell you," she began, "but Felix has been dropping in here quite often on his walks and I've got to know him quite well. I don't think you have any reason to be deeply concerned about him."

She supposed this announcement would relieve me of my concern but it had an altogether different effect. Frances is a compellingly attractive young woman, and this, I hasten to say, is not an exaggeration prompted by husbandly pride. I had no doubts about Frances but in the circumstances I naturally felt uneasy. I was well aware of the attraction an alluring woman could have for a lonely, young man, and the almost invariably unhappy consequences of such an infatuation. And on top of that, there was the seminary. The boy was studying to be a priest.

"It's no good, Frances, having that young man here around the house," I said bluntly. "It's against the seminary rules, for one thing."

She shrugged. "All the poor boy does is sit in the kitchen. He hardly ever talks, but when he does it's mostly about Father Andrews. Sometimes he is hungry and I give him something to eat."

"Nothing but the best, I'm sure," I said coldly.

"Dear, dear," she sighed reproachfully. "Sometimes, good husband, you are impossible."

She turned away sharply and went into the kitchen.

THE truth is, of course, I was upset and my feelings were running away with me. It had been bad enough for me with the egomaniacal Hugo making free of my house and now here was the troubled Felix. They were strangers, no matter how one looked at it. And Felix was definitely breaking the seminary rules, and without, I was sure, the knowledge of Father Andrews.

I followed Frances into the kitchen. I asked her what Felix had to say when he spoke to her of Father Andrews.

She thought a moment. "This change you've noticed in him—I sort of have the feeling Father Andrews is the reason for it."

I asked her what on earth gave her that feeling.

She thought another moment. "I have an idea from little remarks he makes he's afraid of Father Andrews."

"Afraid of Father Andrews?" I was naturally astonished. "Father Andrews is the gentlest, kindest man on earth. He's a saint. And he's been father and friend to that boy. Why on earth should he be afraid of him?"

"Perhaps it's because Father Andrews is a saint that he's afraid of him," she said.

This was a rather profound, if puzzling, thought for my dear Frances, and it silenced me.

On Sundays and holidays I always leave the car in the yard, and at dark, if we do not plan to use it, I usually put it in the garage for the night. This evening when I went out into the yard to put the car away, I found Hugo's Ford parked in the garage where there was only one space now because the other was being used for storage. This he had never done before and it struck me as a real impertinence.

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Hugo always took extraordinary care of the old car. Time and again I came upon Hugo in the yard working on the motor and it struck me he knew what he was about. Indeed, everything under the hood was extraordinarily spick and span for so ancient a model. In stormy weather he always carefully covered the car with an old tarpaulin I had given him. But never before had he parked it in the garage. The weather was clear and I was annoyed. I decided to back the car out without ado.

There was no key but the ignition was unlocked, the car having been made in days before it was necessary to lock the ignition in order to withdraw the key. I stepped on the starter but the motor was cold and sputtered so I pulled out the choke to give it a richer mixture. Almost immediately the motor began to backfire in a startling, rapid series of sharp explosions. It was not the normal backfire sound and seemed to be produced by design, as if by one of those devices with which boys sometimes equip the exhausts on their jalopies. Whatever the cause, the effect, as I say, was startling.

Hardly had I backed the car out into the yard when I saw Hugo come rushing down the stairs from the room above. He came fiercely, bulkily toward me, striding into the light of the headlights, his huge head thrust forward, his distorted eyes blazing with anger. I'm normally no fighter but the sight of his anger riled me. What I had done I certainly had a right to do. I jumped out of the car, faced him.

"What's eating you?" I practically shouted at him, my emotion getting the better of me. "This happens to be my home, and this happens to be my garage."

He stopped in his tracks, obviously surprised at my sudden exhibition of strength. He glared at me, and in that glare I saw there was hate as well as anger. He stood indecisively for a brief moment, then abruptly he turned and strode out of the light into the darkness and back up the stairs to the room above. He had not said a word.

MY anger left as quickly as it had come. I was suddenly a little limp. Then slowly a feeling of exhilaration came over me. I felt quite proud of myself, as if I had won some great victory.

Later, when I had closed the garage doors and was returning to the house, I looked up at Hugo's lighted window and the strangeness of his extraordinary show of rage struck me with new force. What had driven him to such a fury? Merely my driving his precious car? Or my removing it from the garage, which I had all the right in the world to do? And could it be that the sharp series of sounds from the backfire were designed as a possible warning to him if anyone moved his car? And if so, why?

I did not mention that incident nor my feelings about it to Frances. I did not want to be argued against any more. In my feelings there were now facts enough and logic enough for me. I may be an escapist but I can see a shadow lengthening as well if not better than the next. I determined I would tell Father Andrews the next time he came that Hugo had to go.

Lent came and for weeks we did not see either Felix or Father Andrews. Hugo, of course, we had always with us. But now, it seemed to me, his ungraciousness was more intentional, and his cold indifference more insulting.

I thought perhaps it was Father Andrews' Lenten duties that kept him from us and I had about decided I would drive up to the seminary to see him when unexpectedly he turned up on the knoll. It was Laetare Sunday, the mid-Sunday of Lent and a day set to mark with reasonable joyousness the passing of half of the penitential season, and a brilliantly sunny, windy spring day. I heard the pickup truck clattering crazily up the road and I knew it was he.

I went out into the yard to meet him

• Our sins are as a grain of sand compared to the mountains of God's mercy.

—Curé of Ars

but he did not stop by the house. He drove on to the garage and went on up the outside stairs to visit Hugo. He was bareheaded and in his cassock, and I noticed as he ascended the stairs his smile was gone. Never had I seen him without his smile. Indeed, his whole demeanor was unlike him.

It was a good hour later before I heard him at the kitchen door of our house. Frances, admitting him, was struck, as I had been, at the change in him. She went to make him coffee as she usually did but he would have none of it. There were some uncomfortable minutes of small talk, then an even more uncomfortable silence.

Finally, he spoke. He was telling us what he was telling us, he said, only because we were so deeply and, as he put it, so nobly involved. Felix had about decided he had no vocation and was planning to leave the seminary. It was a great blow to him, he said, because he had such high hopes for Felix, and it was a great blow to his uncle, Hugo.

"Hugo is truly a good man," Father Andrews said. "I've just been over with him trying to prepare him for the worst if the worst should finally happen. He is distraught, the poor soul, his heart has been so set on his nephew becoming a servant at God's altar, and I hope you can be even kinder to him than you have been. You will never, I feel sure, have a greater opportunity for your charity."

THE idea of greater kindness to Hugo did not set well with me. I made no comment, however. Instead I asked Father Andrews what made him so sure Felix had a vocation.

"I didn't say I was sure," Father Andrews gently corrected me. "The boy's vocation is not for me to decide. It is between himself and God. But I do have hopes for him, and I cannot help feeling that he is making a mistake in thinking of leaving the seminary. I have asked him to hold his decision until Easter. You have no idea of the great graces that can come to one during Lent." He meditated a moment and then went on, "Felix is a great soul, and he is now engaged in a great struggle. He knows darkness as well as light, despair as well as hope. His is the struggle that, if he wins, can well lead to sainthood." He got to his feet. "Pray for him," he pleaded, and his voice trembled with emotion, "pray for the poor boy, pray that the victory be his."

Frances murmured, "Yes, Father," but I could not bring myself to speak.

After Father Andrews had left, Frances and I sat in silence and listened to the pickup truck as it tore across the yard and went banging down the road. I realized, and I must confess I was not very happy about it, that now it would be out of the question for me to ask Hugo to leave.

"Poor Felix," Frances murmured into the silence.

She was truly moved. A thought came to me. I chose my words very carefully. "Could you ever, darling, by any chance, have let that boy fall in love with you—I mean unintentionally, of course?"

"Please!" She looked at me in unbelief.

"It would, of course, help to explain what has come over him—what makes him want to leave the seminary—you realize that, don't you?" I tried to be very casual.

"A woman knows when a man is in love with her!" She was firm. "You may be sure of that!"

Again I tried to be casual. "Even when the man is much younger—and a stranger and very much on the taciturn side?"

"Then, most of all. Felix is certainly not in love with me!"

Frances was vigorous in her belief. But I, aware of her charm, and remem-

bering his coming to sit in her kitchen in his loneliness, was not so sure.

Easter Sunday began brightly enough with clear skies and a friendly sun, and the chimes, ringing down from the seminary chapel and echoing across the countryside, seemed to score the perfection of the day. But, in the early afternoon, a mist began to drift in from the sea some miles away and, creeping across the farmlands, succeeded before nightfall in darkening and dampening the wide landscape that is dominated by Seminary Hill.

Frances and I had gone for a ride up the coast after our late noonday dinner, and when we returned the fog had already reached our knoll. Driving up the road to the house, we overtook Hugo in his Ford. He drove slowly, carefully, as he always did.

We followed Hugo into the yard and when he stopped we saw Felix get out of the car with him. Felix carried a suitcase. The two, without speaking, went up the stairs to the room above the garage. They were rather shadowy figures in the fog, although it was not as deep then as it was to be later, and their silence seemed to have some strange burden to it.

Frances and I knew from the suitcase that Felix had made his decision. He had left the seminary. I could feel her choking up, but she did not say anything beyond an exclamation at the first sight of the suitcase and neither did I.

I PARKED the car and was about to pull down the overhead door against the fog when I became aware of Hugo's voice above raised in sudden rage. In his emotion he mixed his blunt, crude English with explosive passages from his native tongue. A number of English words and phrases caught my ear, and so startling were they that I stopped in the act of closing the door and stood there with my arms raised above my head and my hands holding the door and listened.

I heard Hugo roar, "Idiot!—Idiot!—I should kill you!"

Then, Felix' voice, slightly high-pitched but in no way uncertain, rose in answer. "You are the idiot! He will never tell! Never!"

"We are ruined!" Hugo's voice rumbled. "I should kill you."

Felix' voice rose again, "He will never tell. He will never break the seal of confession. Never!"

There was a sudden silence. Then I heard the window above me being abruptly opened. I looked up, saw Hugo's great head jutting out into the fog. I lowered the door as matter-of-factly as I could and turned toward the house, trying to the best of my ability to walk as if I did not know I had been seen and was unaware of Hugo's eyes still on me. I had not gone eight or ten steps when I heard the window being closed slowly and as noiselessly as possible. I guessed by this that Hugo was confident I had not heard him and Felix.

"Could you have let that boy fall in love with you?"

After I had entered the house, I locked the door behind me. Frances, leaving the den where she had put her coat and hat, saw me lock the door. In answer to her questioning stare, I told her what I had heard.

"It's the disgrace," she murmured, going unhappily into the living room to the window that faced the garage. "I have heard that families take it very hard when a member leaves the seminary. Why did you lock the door?"

"It was sort of mechanical," I said. "I'm kind of on edge, if you want to know the truth."

I turned out the lights she had turned on when she entered the house, and joined her at the window. The dark, abetted by the fog, had come on quickly. Already the garage was losing its silhouette and the lighted window was beginning to be blurred.

I took Frances' hand. It was an involuntary action and I could feel her eyes searching my face in the now deep shadow of the room.

After a moment she spoke and her voice, in key with the foggy dark outside, was little more than a whisper. "Honest, darling, my letting the boy come into the house had nothing to do with his leaving the seminary. Most of the time I don't think he knew I was on earth." Then, after a pause, she added. "Is that what's troubling you?"

"No—it's no one thing in particular." I remember speaking in a low voice as if afraid of being overheard. "It's—I have the oddest feeling that some sort of strange drama is drawing to its close." I hesitated a moment before I added, "Why should Hugo, or anyone else for that matter, be so worried about Father Andrews breaking the seal of confession?"

If her usual words of deprecation at my seeing significances where she was sure none existed were on her lips, she did not this time speak them. I had a feeling she was being considerate of the intensity of my mood.

We stood at the window and watched the fog deepen and the night darken. Presently, where the garage had been there was only a vague shadow and the lighted window had become a blurred, washed yellow stain.

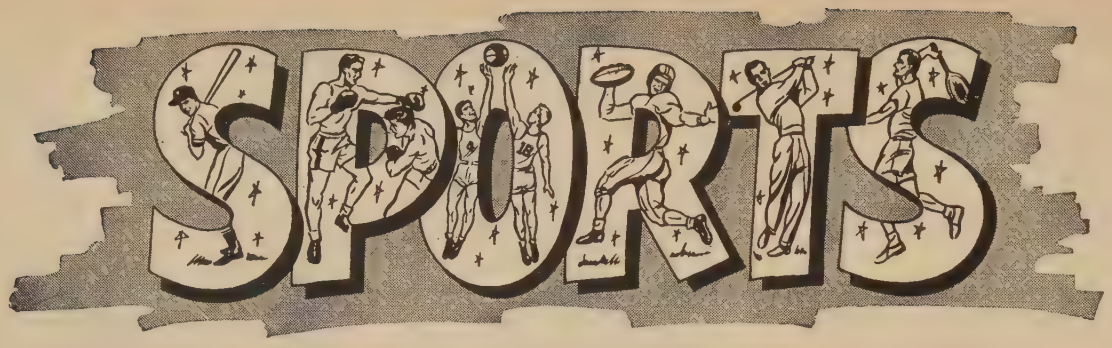
THE fog and the noiseless dark eventually acted like sedatives on me. I turned away from the window.

"I don't know why I should be upset," I said with as much resolution as I could. "Whatever the problem is, it certainly isn't mine." I abruptly snapped on the wall lights. "Let's have a highball."

This made good sense to Frances. She drew the shades, turned on the table and piano lamps and went to the kitchen to get the soda, ice cubes, and glasses. I, in turn, went into the den to get the Scotch.

I was unlocking the liquor cabinet when I heard Hugo's Ford start in the yard. I straightened, listened. The car began quietly to move. Then, I heard the sound of running feet and Felix'

(*Continued on page 75*)



by DON DUNPHY

Sugar Ray Bows Out

Little did we think, when we wrote in the last issue of THE SIGN that Ray Robinson should decide to do something about his boxing career, that we were being psychic. No sooner had our copy been turned in, than there started a chain of events that resulted in Sugar Ray's retiring from boxing and giving up his middleweight championship. You may recall we suggested that it was unfair for Ray to do nothing at all, that he should either fight as a middleweight or as a light heavyweight, or he should retire. Right after that, the New York State Athletic Commission took action, stripping Ray of his crown for nondefense over a long period. This was given concurrence by the National Boxing Association. Then Robinson did something he had been pondering for a long time. He retired from the ring and decided on a theatrical career.

Our remarks suggesting more ring action by Robinson were, of course, purely objective. They were designed to help promote more activity in a ring division that was rapidly decaying. Our personal feelings toward Robinson are those of a very good friend. Like many another boxing analyst, we feel that Sugar Ray has been the greatest fighter of our time, pound for pound, and perhaps of all time. His ring record over a period of a dozen years proves his greatness. In a career of over a hundred fights, he lost but three, and two of these were to men who outweighed him by wide margins. He lost once to Jake LaMotta but beat the Bronx Bull on five other occasions, finally knocking him out to win the middleweight championship. He lost the title to Britisher Randy Turpin but regained it by knocking out Turpin. As a middleweight, he invaded the light-heavy ranks and had champion Joey Maxim beaten until he, Robinson, was felled by the heat that torrid night last summer.

In the capacity of broadcaster of the Madison Square Garden fights, your reporter has had the good fortune to witness a score of Robinson's battles. We have always marveled at what we saw, for here indeed was poetry in motion. At his best, and he usually was at his best, there were few of his contemporaries who could stand up with him in the squared circle. His footwork was superb, his combination punches were dazzling, and his ring generalship was great. Boxing is considered by some to be a brutal sport, but there was nothing of brutality in Robinson's fights. When he won by decision, he was a picture to behold the entire distance of the fight. When he scored a knockout, it was with lightning dispatch. He was indeeed a superior workman.

Fight managers are credited with many humorous remarks, but one of the classics concerned Robinson and Fritzie Zivic. After a terrific whirl through the amateur ranks, a whirl in which he didn't come close to defeat, Robinson turned professional early in 1941. He was just as sensational in his early pro bouts, but boxing people still thought of him more in terms of his great amateur career. In the fall of that year, Robinson was matched with Zivic for a ten-rounder at the Garden. Zivic was at the top of his game then, which meant that he was one of the best. It was a stiff test for Sugar Ray Robinson.

United Press photo

Sugar Ray, beaten by the heat last summer in fight with Maxim

Zivic was managed by Luke Carney, and Robinson was then handled by Curt Horrman. In the pre-fight bickerings, Carney would always refer disparagingly to Robinson as "that amateur." "What Fritzie won't do to that amateur." "When we're through with that amateur . . ." "He's got an amateur manager too." etc., etc. Horrman said nothing.

It was a terrific fight—one of the best ever seen in the Garden—but Robinson won it. When it was over, Carney was walking quickly through the Garden lobby when Horrman caught up with him. "Hey, Luke," he called loudly. "Is it all right if we turn pro now?" And Ray has been a professional ever since.

Some ring experts, like the veteran trainer and promoter, Ray Arcel, say that old-timers like Benny Leonard would have beaten Robinson. But we're skeptical about that. We'd have to see it to believe it.

Since last we greeted you, another boxing title has changed ownership, this one being the light heavyweight championship. The new owner, of course, is Archie Moore of San Diego, Calif., and the fact that he is thirty-six years old must lend a lot of encouragement to other so-called oldsters in sports. This, on top of the fact that Jersey Joe Walcott won and lost the heavyweight title in the neighborhood of forty years of age and an old gaffer named Johnny Mize turned the last world series around, may betoken a new era of things in sports.

Memories

The other day, we got to reminiscing about some of the things that have occurred during our career as sports writer and sports announcer. We thought you, too, might find some of them interesting. For instance, it was just twenty years ago that we were hired to do publicity for the boxing bouts at the New York Coliseum in the Bronx. The matchmaker was a nice young guy named Billy Brown. Now yours truly is broadcasting the boxing at Madison Square Garden. You have but one guess as to who the matchmaker is. That's right. Billy Brown. And just as nice a guy now as he was then.

Back in 1940, when your reporter was Sports Director of Station WINS, he decided he'd like to broadcast boxing. With that in mind, we approached Bill Heydorn, promoter of the Queensboro Arena in Long Island City, with the idea of doing their bouts. Heydorn was receptive but said, "I'd like you to use this fellow to help you between rounds." It was agreeable, and yours truly and the fellow started our boxing announcing careers. The "fellow" happened to be Steve Ellis, who now broadcasts the Wednesday night fights over CBS and in his spare time manages Chico Vejar.

Back in 1933, the *New York Journal* assigned us to cover a Manhattan College football game. Another member of the *Journal* staff was also there, but to broadcast the game.

"Don," he called out, "how about talking between the halves?" We were glad to and enjoyed working on our first football broadcast. The other chap? That was Ford Frick, now Commissioner of Baseball.

IN the spring of 1942, the Mutual network sent us to Des Moines to cover the Drake Relays. The coverage was comprehensive for the two-day track meet and we received a lot of assistance from the young men taking the radio course at Drake University. While we were airing one event, they would act as couriers, bringing results of other events taking place at the same time.

Years later we were invited to participate in a coast-to-coast telecast for the Crusade for Freedom. Before our session got underway, the Master of Ceremonies came over to shake hands.

"You don't remember me," he said, "but I helped you with the Drake Relays years ago. I used to run up to you with the shotput results." His name? Steve Allen. One of television's great comics.

Several years ago, we were doing staff announcing on WINS and one of our chores was to M.C. the "Morning Musicale" with Louis Katzman and his orchestra. It was a show that employed new talent, and each morning a new boy and girl would do the singing. We remember one day, when a very beautiful girl sang her first song on the radio and yours truly had the good fortune to introduce her. A few years later we asked her if she would sing at our wedding. She did and no one sang the *Ave Maria* more beautifully than she did that June morning. You'd know her better now as that great star of the Metropolitan Opera, Dorothy Kirsten.

Prodigy On Skates

And now a few highlights in the career of Helen Ann Rousselle, the world's youngest figure skater. Born April 27, 1946, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Rousselle of New York City, this little lass with large brown eyes and light brown, curly hair actually iceskated at the tender age of fourteen months, as depicted in Bob Ripley's "Believe It Or Not."

At the age of four, she was the headline star of the Ice Carnivals in Princeton, N. J., and Montreal, Canada, where audiences enthusiastically applauded the extraordinary skill and showmanship of one so young.

Helen Ann celebrated her fifth birthday at Rockefeller Plaza Ice Pond, rendezvous of world-famous skaters, by giving an exhibition for the hundreds watching. Later, she was the guest of honor in the Grill, where a birthday cake embellished with a replica of the ice pond and a large trophy were presented to her by the "Helen Ann Club."

This little sprite has made two movie shorts, one for Keystone with Ilona Vail, former Austrian champion, the other for Pathé, with Skippy Baxter, former star of the Center Theatre Ice Show and one of the most popular exhibition skaters in America. Both movie shorts were shown throughout America and many foreign countries.

International News wrote some time ago, "If we had three guesses as to the gal who will wear the crown of a Barbara Ann Scott or a Sonja Henie fifteen years from now, we'd say Helen Ann Rousselle and have two guesses left over." In 1950, *Life* Magazine featured her on its cover. The magazine called her a "prodigy of the ice" and said that her grace and charm were the result of long and diligent practice.

Television is also interested in Helen Ann, who has appeared in *Howdy Doody, Easy Does It, Around the Town,* and many others including the Arthur Godfrey show.

This little bundle of energy includes ballet, acrobatic, and dramatic lessons in her weekly itinerary and has a natural sense of rhythm and a flair for music. She also likes horseback riding.

It is interesting to watch Helen Ann on the public rinks. Often, as an interlude to her serious practicing, she mimics the more difficult figure steps of her much older contemporaries and executes them with such ease and grace as to make them look simple. Then—with an impish "That's how it's done" expression on her face—she resumes her own practicing.

At present, several motion picture concerns are interested in this little Catholic miss and are watching her rapid progress. Her natural showmanship and retentive memory should be assets in this field, and it may not be long before she will be making her debut for one of the major companies.

Our good wishes go to this bright little youngster and to her parents.

Helen Ann Rousselle, world's youngest big-time figure skater, stops pedestrian traffic at Rockefeller Plaza Ice Pond, N. Y.

Our Information Outpost in Italy

Washington is fighting back in the war for the minds of men with less money than Moscow, but Italian Communists have met their match in our European information program

by ***JOHN EDWARD DINEEN***

John McKnight prepares publications favoring U. S.

OUTSIDE the MSA office on Rome's Via Vittorio Veneto, opposite the United States Embassy, I stood and looked at the display window. Inside it there was a picture story, with captions in Italian, on the theme of religion in the United States. Five brown-robed, black-bearded young friars were also there. A couple of them gave me sidelong glances, then the five of them conferred together—then all five of them, with affecting politeness, turned to me. I sensed that they had taken me for what I was, an American, and that they wanted to ask me a question about the American photographs.

Shortly in a farrago of four languages, we were all jabbering away, and at least half understanding each other. What it seemed to come to was that, looking at the photographs, a couple of the friars had been astonished to learn that sessions of the United States Senate were opened with prayer by a chaplain. So the United States, after all, was not as materialistic a country as so many people said it was?

Not quite, I ventured to reply. Our Declaration of Independence, our Constitution, and our Founding Fathers had paid reverent respect to the Deity; and although we did not have a state religion, and although many of us did not go to church, many of us on the other hand did go to church, and the atmosphere of our culture, our civilization was one in which religion was free to flourish. Then one of the friars was so nice as to say that no one could practice charity toward God without first practicing it toward man, that the United States practiced it toward man in a notable way, and that therefore, surely, it is a country that possesses much of the essential spirit of religion.

It was pleasant, that incident of the friars; and it was pleasant, too, to observe, meanwhile, literally dozens of Romans, singly and in groups, approaching the window, looking at the photographs and reading the captions about religion in the United States.

The message was put up on that busy Roman street by USIS Italy—USIS standing for United States Information Service. Later that same day I met in the USIS headquarters on the Via Boncompagni an Italian employee who could have been making fifteen thousand dollars a year by writing for the Italian radio, but was scraping along on something like two thousand dollars a year by writing for USIS Italy. Believing in the USIS pro-Free World, anti-Kremlin program, he had deliberately chosen a life of sacrifice.

USIS offices—an arm of the International Information Administration, largest single component of the Department of State—are under the aegis of United States embassies and legations. Their chiefs are called Public Affairs Officers. Ranking high on the staffs of ambassadors and ministers, these officers follow one of the most demanding careers in the contemporary world.

Take Lloyd Free, United States Public Affairs Officer in Rome. Free and his staff of Americans and Italians are confronted with one of the greatest of the Kremlin's advance columns—the Communist Party of Italy. How does this polished, unaffected American lawyer, educator, diplomat, and publicist face up to the challenge? How do he and his people operate?

They operate at practically every level at which the Communists operate. They fight photograph with photograph, poster with poster, printed word with printed word, radio with radio, film with film, cultural event with cultural event. The difference is that the Communists operate on a larger scale. Judged on the basis of the number of printed words and the number of activities their propagandists pay for in France and Italy, they spend more money warring for men's minds in those two countries alone than USIS spends throughout the world. Lloyd Free, therefore, and his fellow public affairs officers elsewhere, conceding quantity to the Communists, must resort to hard-hitting quality aimed carefully at the most important and influential target groups.

THERE too, however, in the matter of quality, competition is keen, especially in Italy. There are Italian Communist writers, poster artists, film makers, and cultural specialists who, to put it mildly, are as clever as they are ruthless. And they enjoy this advantage: they are Italian citizens, citizens of one of the freest countries in the world, a coun

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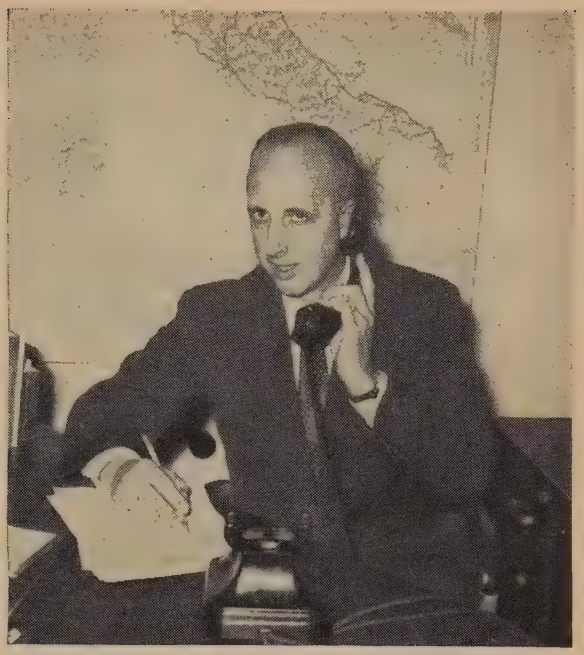
JOHN E. DINEEN, branch chief in the International Press Service of the Department of State, has published articles in many leading magazines and papers.

American news photos attract Romans to the truth



Lloyd Free, chief of the USIS office in Rome

ly in which the large local Communist urty is far more active than is its small ounterpart in the United States. In aly, American Ambassador Bunker nd Public Affairs Officer Free are erely guests. Citizens of the United ates, they may not found an Italian nti-Communist party or play a part in alian party politics; and they are subct in Rome to the same restrictions on xpression that the Italian ambassador the United States and his staff are bject to in Washington.

Public Affairs Officer Free, then, has is work cut out for him. That he nd his staff go about it with effect is pparent from the closeness with which ne Communists pay attention to it. n the day after I saw the picture story n religion in the United States in that indow on the Via Vittorio Veneto, the indow was smeared with chalk. Unlike ost of their fellow citizens, Roman ommunists are neither tolerant nor olite. They slip pro-Communist, antimerican leaflets into the books in SIS libraries. That, of course, is enerprising of them; but it is also a cognition by them that USIS libraries re used.

To USIS Italy, the two most imortant audiences are thinkers and orkers. Thinkers—such people as eduators, editors, writers, lecturers—are rged to work, to work actively against oth overt and covert Communist agression. And workers—the man at the ench, the man at the lathe, the man the street—are urged to think, to hink hard about "what's in it for me?" a system which believes in control of the masses by machine gun, in forced labor, and in perpetual international turmoil. They are told it is really to their disadvantage to think "maybe there's something to this Communism, after all." Or to think "Let Russia and the United States fight it out alone; none of it concerns us."

As for thinkers and public opinion moulders, USIS Italy seeks them out not only in the big cities but in the small towns. To editors, business men and professional men, educators, writers, scientists, and politicians up and down the peninsula it mails its literature.

Public Affairs Officer Free has under him the chiefs, and their staffs, of the following fields of public relations activity: Press and Publications, Motion Pictures, Exhibits, Radio, Educational and Cultural Exchange, and Libraries. Much of the materials for these fields of activity is prepared in Washington and edited in Rome headquarters and its nine outposts. Headquarters is especially strong in preparing much of its own press and publications material; its features, pamphlets, and leaflets program, headed up by John McKnight, is first-class. McKnight, before joining USIS, was a successful Associated Press correspondent in Europe. In dealing with him, Italian editors know that they are dealing with a professional.

In fact, the whole tone of USIS Italy is professional to a high degree: you sense it at its staff meetings, in its workmanship, and in its distribution. Its news features go out six days a week to 2,000 newspapers, magazines, editors, writers, government officials, and other influential Italians; its films are seen by a total audience of 15,000,000 per year; its 60,000 books, more than one fourth of them in Italian, are consulted or borrowed by 40,000 readers per month; its posters have appeared in 12,500 post offices all over the country; more than one of its pamphlets or leaflets has been placed with as many as 1,000,000 people; and its news material is given 45,000 columns of news space by Italian newspapers and magazines every month—the equivalent of about 271 newspaper pages.

But instead of trying to increase that last figure, Free is bent upon reducing it! "It's not *how much* we place," he says, "but *what* we place." Instead of taking the easy way out, by offering editors features about Italo-American wine growers, and workers in stone, and opera singers, and Italian restaurants in New York and San Francisco, he is anxious to place the big, the vital themes which are the raison d'etre of his job.

Other USIS posts, in most of the major capitals and major cities throughout the non-Kremlin world, follow the same broad procedure. The procedure has been worked out through trial and error, partly by strategists in Washington and partly by tacticians in the field. If Moscow is fighting a war for men's minds, Washington, with less money and less personnel, is fighting back. And it is fighting back on the spot—in Rome, in Paris, throughout Europe, the Middle East, the Far East—wherever Moscow reaches out. And Moscow reaches out everywhere.

by JOHN LESTER

RADIO AND TELEVISION

Imogene Coca clowns with Jimmy Starbuck on "Your Show of Sh

Charles Farrell and Gale Storm in "My Little Margie"

Coca, "Evil Germ"

Radio has always been noted for its lack of stellar feminine talent, but it seems television will fill the need, although not as fast or as completely as might be desired.

In the field of comedy, for example, the ladies are advancing, but there still aren't very many with regular shows, and whether or not they can stand the terrific pressure of TV remains to be seen in most cases.

Among the leaders are Martha Raye, the greatest feminine clown alive; Lucille Ball, a really exceptional comedienne; Fran Allison, the "Aunt Fanny" of *The Breakfast Club* and the lovable "Fran" of *Kukla, Fran And Ollie* and one of the sharpest-witted women in the world; and Imogene Coca, Sid Caesar's partner on NBC-TV's *Your Show Of Shows.*

Imogene has been called "the funniest woman in the world," which is purely a matter of personal taste, although it could be a matter of fact that she's the most versatile female comedian on television and the most versatile of the above quartet.

To me, everything about Imogene is funny, even her debut in show business when, as a tot clad all in white for a school play, she represented "an evil germ."

Imogene thinks of herself as "a female Bobby Clark," however, and is happiest when referred to in that manner.

A public extrovert, Imogene is shy and self-effacing in private life. The daughter of Joe Coca, an orchestra leader, and Sadie Brady, a former assistant of the great magician, Thurston, she is tiny and birdlike, weighs 109 pounds, but can eat like a horse.

A TV performer in the purest sense of the word, Imogene can do anything. If she has limitations, I don't know them.

As a serious dancer, she can keep up with the best, with only one or two exceptions.

As a serious singer, she will scare you with her range and technical ability.

As a serious actress, she is a continual revelation even to her co-workers.

Of course, as a fun-maker, she c make you laugh until you cry and, doubt, has done so many times in t past.

Imogene is a product of the nig club belt and currently makes a strat pheric $6,000 a week, every penny which she earns. She recently had emergency appendectomy but shou be back on *Your Show of Shows,* as y read this.

The Negro Broadcaster

Broadcasting's trend watchers a statistic gatherers say 1953 will be t biggest year yet for radio and televisi in this country, but it will be an ev bigger year—within the industry its —for the American Negro who, so f has been all but shut out of it.

By "shut out of it" I mean that in c vigorous, wealthy, powerful, nation-w communications industry that direc employs some 70,000 persons, o about 90 are Negroes!

Rather startling representation for 89-year-old community, now of m than 15,000,000 men, women, and c

ldren, who last year spent in excess of eleven billion dollars to help keep American economy the richest and healthiest n the world!

Of the ninety Negroes—give or take a few—now employed in radio and television, fourteen are disc jockeys, which is the largest single category.

Only three are employed as staff musicians.

The balance are announcers, engineers, actors, or technical workers of one sort or another, and most of the ninety are on the staffs of the only two Negro radio stations in the country—both very small—one in Atlanta, Ga., the other near Raleigh, N. C.

Why will 1953 be different from other years?

Largely because of TV, say those who have their ears in the air, because the fierce competition within TV and the increasing competition in radio directly due to TV will force employment on a basis of talent and ability alone—and the need for talent and ability is great.

A Critic's Blush

Critics are human like everybody else, and this is a fact that practically all performers and some among the reading public have resented for generations.

Resentment notwithstanding, they are human and, being human, they make mistakes, which a few openly and freely, yea, brazenly, admit, a practice this one has observed for years.

Most recently, I slipped the negative nod—and I now admit it—to a CBS-TV series titled *My Little Margie,* starring Gale Storm and Charles Farrell, Janet Gaynor's partner in several of Hollywood's memorable efforts of a generation ago. No sooner had I done so than *Margie* zoomed to a stratospheric rating, a radio version was created, and the stars were signed to a five-year, air-tight, iron-bound contract, indicating how far I missed that particular target.

But aside from making a quiet resolve to be more careful next time, I was unaffected by this apparent blow to my critical authority and dignity.

You see, any illusions this critic might have grown as to his infallibility were destroyed about twenty years ago by two young men, both of whom I gave the journalistic equivalent of thumbs down.

One was a singer, the other a cornet player.

The singer has since become one of the greatest show-business personalities of all time and the cornet player is revered as a jazz immortal.

Their names are Bing Crosby and Bix Biederbiecke.

In Brief

Latest surveys show New York has about 3,250,000 TV sets; Chicago is second in the nation with about 1,350,000; then Los Angeles with 1,295,000, and Philadelphia with about 1,150,000. . . . *Lum 'n' Abner* will try another comeback on radio or TV or both. . . . Now there's a Milton Berle bubble gum on the market called "Uncle Milty Bubble Gum." What else? . . . Bob Steele, the ex-fighter, may star in the new TV cowboy series, *Jesse James.* . . . *Tugboat Annie* due for serialization on TV, with Jane Darwell in the Marie Dressler starring role.

Look for a new character on television, a "private eye" who'll never show his face. . . . A new broadcasting corporation now in Jackson, Miss. calls itself "The Rebel Broadcasting Co." . . . Loretta Young and Irene Dunne pooling profits from recent pictures to buy a TV station in Las Vegas. . . . Dean Martin-Jerry Lewis puppets now on the market. . . . Rudy Vallee ready to sign with one of the major TV webs for a full-hour variety show similar to that he used to do in the roaring twenties when Vallee was the biggest name on radio.

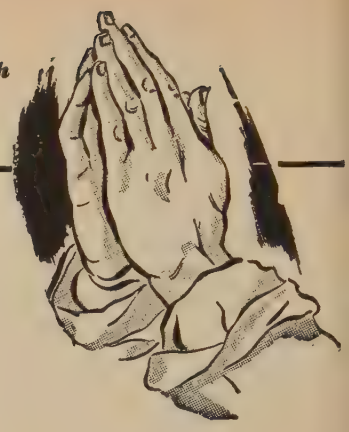
Notre Dame estimates the NCAA's "controlled" system of collegiate football telecasts has cost it $1,000,000 this season. . . . In honor of his late wife, Bing Crosby may establish a Dixie Crosby Foundation in Hollywood to help fight cancer. . . . Marylin Cantor, one of Eddie Cantor's five little grown-up girls, is now a disc jockey on a New York radio station. . . . The deal Gene Autry made to buy KMPC, a West Coast radio station, finally went through for $800,000. This raises Autry's station-ownership total to four.

Buyers of TV sets on the installment plan are in hock more than $750,000,000 in this country, according to latest Radio and Television Manufacturers' Association (RTMA) figures. . . .Broderick Crawford's TV series will be titled *Knockout* and the burly star's character will be that of a manager of fighters, "a composite of all the fight managers who ever lived". . . . Brewers are the largest buyers of TV time, in case you wondered. . . . Latest surveys show radio is in 43,849,180 American homes, which is 98.0 per cent, representing near-saturation and a national gain of nearly 3,000,000 homes during 1952.

THAT YOU, MYRT?—"Fibber McGee and Molly," the Jordans in private life, one of the greatest of the all-time great radio teams, are now thinking in terms of TV. A fall debut is a possibility.

HAPPY HILLBILLY — Judy Canova, NBC hillbilly comedienne, will turn her own brand of mountain charm in the direction of TV cameras soon. She recently worked out a suitable television format.

STILL RIDIN' HIGH—William "Hopalong Cassidy" Boyd is one of the few early greats of TV not elbowed aside by newcomers and changing trends. In fact, he has just signed a big new contract.



The Birth of Our Lord

by **GERALD VANN, O.P.**

THERE were shepherds, St. Luke tells us, "keeping night-watches over their flocks." If you follow, step by step, this story of the first Christmas, you find a series of clues as to how we are to seek and find the Word, how God may come to dwell in us till in the end St. Paul's words are verified, "I live, now not I, but Christ liveth in me."

And here at the beginning is the first essential condition. It is night, dark and still. At the beginning of time, the Spirit brooded over the dark, silent waters of chaos, and light and beauty were made; and again it is in the darkness of the "stilly night" that the Word is born. So too with all those who are reborn of the Spirit. The way to life and light is through the darkness and stillness of a humble, contrite heart, a heart filled with the sense of its own sin, its own nothingness, its need of God.

And they were overcome with fear, but the angel told them, "Do not be afraid." (These are words Our Lord Himself will so often use.) The way into the creative darkness may lie through much pain, sorrow, anguish. But you must not be afraid; you are in the hands of Love.

A child still in swaddling-clothes, lying in a manger—the stillness again. . . . There was no room for them in the inn; God is not easily found in the hustle and turmoil of worldliness. The poverty, the simplicity, the helplessness. . . . As Elias found God not in the mighty wind, fire, earthquake, but in the whisper of a gentle wind, so the Christian is to seek for Him in simplicity and poverty of spirit, speaking as simply as a child speaks to its father, serving as humbly as Mary served in the quiet duties of home.

And "they went with all haste." Here again is the note of eagerness, holding nothing back. And that too is an essential condition. If God is to live in you, to give you His life, you must first put your own life, unreservedly, into His hands. You must make a gift of it, saying of it all, of each moment as it comes to you, "Thy will be done."

And "they found Mary and Joseph there, with the child;" but the verb in Greek implies great effort, an arduous search. The quest for God may be easy at first, may have the thrill and freshness of a new adventure; when love is young it is easy to work or suffer for it. But then the freshness wears off; there are troubles, difficulties; it is easy to despair. Yet it is precisely out of these things, if wisely met, that the deepest love and vision are born.

"And seeing, they understood." The search for God is a search for understanding—a gradual learning of God, of the mind and heart of Christ; a gradual understanding of the problem of pain; a deepening awareness of sin and of God's mercy. So it is said of Mary that "she treasured up all these sayings and reflected on them in her heart." The search for God is a search not for cleverness or brilliance, but for wisdom, the wisdom of the heart—seeing things from the point of view of eternity, as God sees them, and loving them as God loves them.

"And the shepherds went home giving praise and glory to God." To be reborn is to pass from self-centeredness and pride into God-centeredness and love. It is, in the psalmist's words, to have one's eyes "always on the Lord" instead of on one's own pleasure, profit, power; it is to turn one's life into a song of praise. We are back at the theme of the *Magnificat*. We are to find God through prayer, through understanding, through doing all these things as acts of praise and love.

And the shepherds "went home," as all the saints in their turn come down from the mountaintops of vision and return home to their people, to love and serve them and lead them to God. Their prayer, understanding, obedience are not selfishly without concern for the world. They praise God through working for their fellow men; and having seen mankind in God's heart they labor to bring God into the hearts of men.

The words of the shepherds, "Come, let us go and see for ourselves this happening," find a sort of echo in the words of Our Lord in St. John's Gospel when, turning to the two disciples who were following Him, he asks them, "What seek ye?" They reply, "Where dwellest thou?" and He tells them, "Come and see." Their search was a fruitful one because they were looking not for a what but for a who, not for things but for a person. And they went, and saw, and abode with Him all the rest of the day.

IT is hard when darkness comes in the form of pain, suffering, sorrow, loss, to accept it readily, to treat it creatively, to think of it in terms of light. Yet that is the point of the story. "The people who sat in darkness have seen great light." The angel tells the shepherds that he brings them tidings of great joy.

Whenever darkness is made to create in us a deeper sense of our sin and helplessness and our need of God and His mercy, the darkness is turned into a great light, the sorrow is turned into joy. What is needed on our part is humble courage, trust, hope. To sustain the darkness for as long as God wills it to continue, firm in the conviction that if we do so use it the light will inevitably follow; that if we go on, doggedly, faithfully, asking, "Where dwellest Thou?" the answer will be given us, "Come and see." And we shall in the end be able to see for ourselves and abide with Him forever in the light of the eternal day.

REV. GERALD VANN, English Dominican author of many books, is one of the greatest living writers on spiritual subjects. The present article is the fourth of a series on the mysteries of the Rosary.

The SIGN From Tree to You

● Ever sit under a maple tree on a sultry summer afternoon? Have you munched on a juicy Washington apple? Maybe sliced a succulent Georgia peach? Then you know some of the blessings that we derive from trees. The poet rightly stated that "only God can make a tree." A truth that he didn't state is that we have been able to make the tree yield a few more fruits. The wood in your home or boat, in the toothpicks on your table, the broom that stands in the corner of the kitchen—and the page that you are reading at this moment came from a tree.

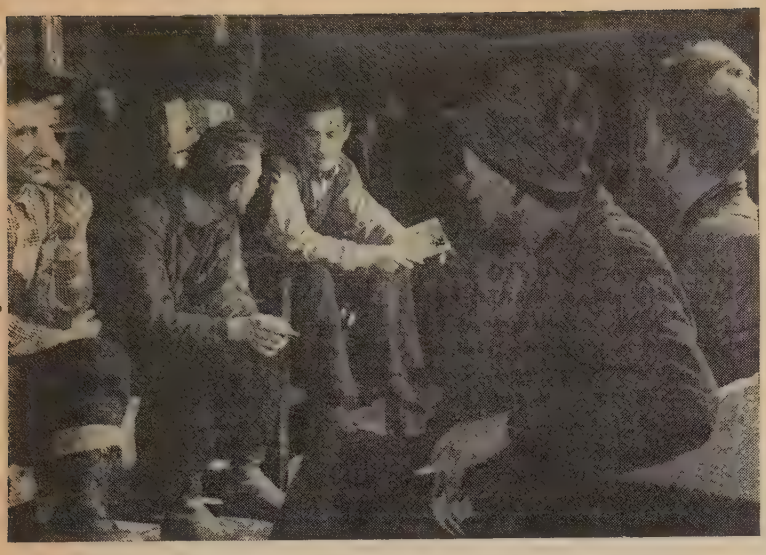
If you were to brave the snowstorms and trudge through the cold, bleak woods of the north, you would find burly lumberjacks cutting trees and shipping them to the giant mills of the Oxford Paper Company, in Rumford, Maine. There, tons of paper are made each month and freighted to the mammoth presses of the Williams Press, Inc., Albany, New York. There, as many as fifty thousand copies of THE SIGN are printed in one day until the grand total of two hundred and seventy-five thousand copies are ready to be mailed to your home and to the remotest areas in the world.

Since February is Catholic Press Month, we thought you, THE SIGN reader, would find it interesting to view a pictorial account of the material growth of THE SIGN. As for the editorials, illustrations, and pictures, they will be considered at a later date.

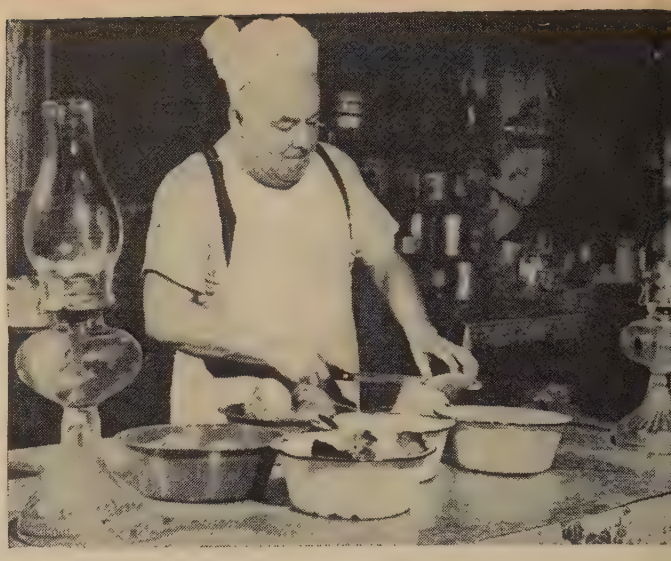
***1.** The logging camp usually lasts one winter in any given spot. The next season it is moved closer to timber stands.*

***2.** Eight hours behind a power saw is hard work, but it is much quicker and less taxing than the old-fashioned axe.*

A SIGN PICTURE ARTICLE



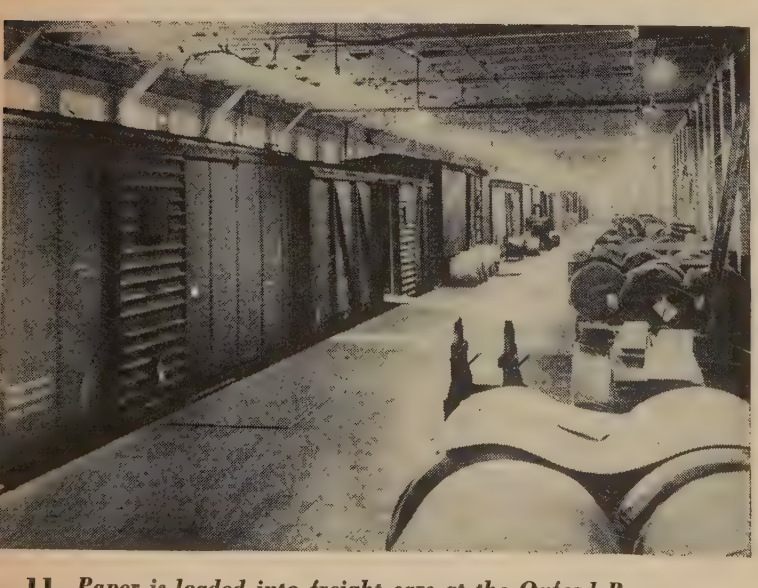
3. *French Canadian loggers near Rumford, Me. They listen to the radio and keep warm. It is below zero outside.*



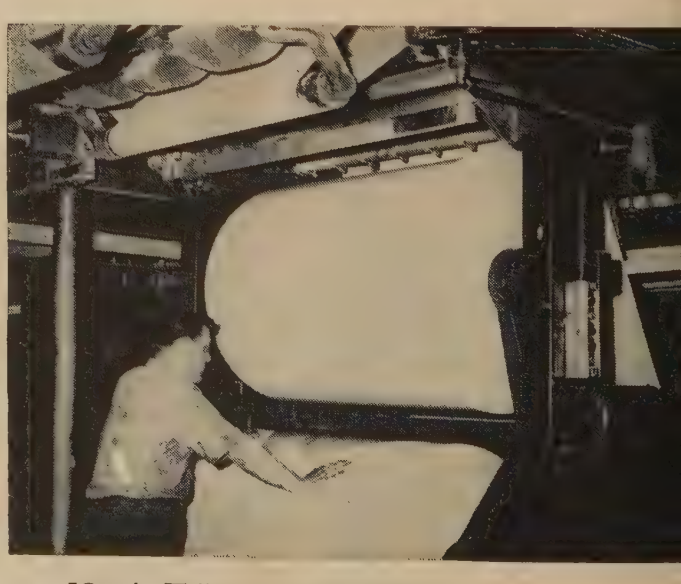
4. *A lumberjack eats three times as much as an ordina worker, and the chef (above) feeds two dozen of the*

7. *A scaler measures and marks logs, as the lumberjacks work by the piece, preferring it to a set wage scale.*

8. *Powerful trucks carry the logs from the forest to t mill. Snow and ice create many problems on the roa*



11. *Paper is loaded into freight cars at the Oxford Paper Mill and will soon be on its way to the press for THE SIGN.*

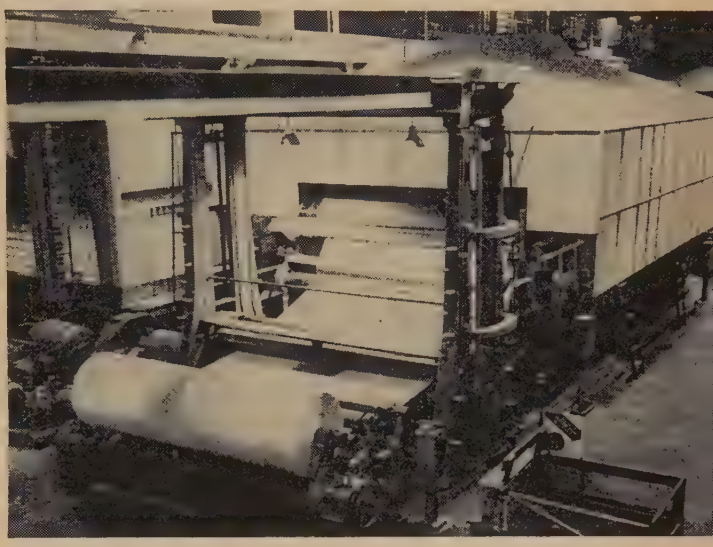


12. *At Williams Press, Albany, N. Y., large rolls paper are set up for printing of THE SIGN Magazi*

5. *A lumberjack decides how a tree will fall. He undercuts it with an axe, and then uses power saw.*

6. *Using a peavey, a lumberjack rolls the felled logs into a pile. The horses draw out the logs, then trucks are used.*

9. *Logs cut in four-foot lengths are piled around the Oxford Mill. Paper is Maine's leading product.*



10. *From logs into pulp and finally into paper. It is long and complicated process that makes THE SIGN possibl*

13. *The huge presses are in operation and thousands of pages of the magazine are printed every minute they run.*

14. *After stamping and mailing, etc., THE SIGN reaches home, and a mother reads an article to her daughter.*

THE Sign POST

by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

No Mystery

Please help me prove to a friend that our Faith is the same in all boroughs of New York City. In the case of one mixed marriage, only the non-Catholic party had to sign the guarantees; in another case, the priest insisted that both sign and when one refused to do so, he refused to apply for a dispensation.—J. S., ST. ALBANS, N. Y.

First of all, the sameness of the Catholic Faith is not involved directly. The problem is, rather, one of legal procedure with a view to protection of the Faith. Some years ago, it was customary in this country to exact the premarital promises in writing from the non-Catholic party only; it sufficed that the Catholic party make the promises orally. Procedure now requires that both parties commit themselves in writing. Do you wonder? In the case you refer to, it was the Catholic party who refused to sign! Amazing!

Marks of the Church

Why do so many books on the Catholic religion end up with a plug on the marks of the Church?—C. Q., NEW BERN, N. C.

Does your recourse to American slang imply that you consider the Church boastful? Other things being equal, one can be boastful in a sense of the term that is not odious. By the marks of the Church we understand the characteristic qualities of the Church. The older the Church, the more important it is that she can boast of certain qualities, for the principle of cause and effect is involved. If—or rather, since—the effects are consistently present, they can be accounted for only by an adequate cause. And the more one understands both history and human nature, the more readily he can understand that such effects bespeak a divine cause. Our Lord had that principle of cause and effect in mind when He said: "Wherefore, by their fruits you shall know them." (Matt. 7:20)

The unity and stability of the Church are highlighted by her Catholicity or universality. Now for twenty centuries, despite differences of nationality, the evolution of civil governments, persecutions from without and defections from within, she has proven indestructible. The Church is fertile of holiness because she has retained all the channels of divine grace provided by the Founder of Christianity. No other church can boast of canonized saints, whose sanctity is attested divinely by never failing miracles. The Church is also apostolic—that is, she is guided by those whose power and authority to teach infallibly, to rule, and to sanctify stem back to the Apostles and to Christ Himself.

With reason, then, does the Vatican Council declare: "God has instituted the Church . . . and bestowed on it manifest *notes* of that institution, that it may be recognized by all men as the guardian and teacher of the revealed Word; for to the Catholic Church alone belong all those many and admirable tokens . . . divinely established for the credibility of the Christian Faith. The Church, with its marvelous extension, its eminent holiness, and its inexhaustible fruitfulness in every good thing, with its Catholic unity and invincible stability, is a great and perpetual motive of credibility and an irrefutable witness of its own divine mission." (Chapter 3: On Faith) When the Vatican Council resumes—and it will be resumed—the history of the Church from 1870 onward will have exemplified anew the marks or notes that characterize the Catholic Church.

Whale On Friday?

Should whale steak be considered meat or fish?—J. H., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

First of all, in specifying a type of food permissible to Catholics on a day of abstinence, "fish" is too narrow a term and less correct. "Marine food" is more correct and embraces many items which, strictly speaking, are not fish, such as oysters, crabs, scallops, and the like.

Even though the whale is a warm-blooded animal and a mammal, it is considered to be marine food inasmuch as it lives always in the water. Hence, ultraconservative opinions to the contrary, whale steak is legitimate food on a day of abstinence.

Limbo

a) In your column of last December, you state: "Limbo no longer exists, since the ascension of Our Lord to heaven." But as a convert, I was taught that after death, unbaptized infants go to Limbo, as well as those who have always been mentally infantile.—D. S., YOUNGSTOWN, O.

b) Since going to college, have heard that God could give a special revelation of Himself to an unborn or dying infant, in the way He did while John the Baptist was in the womb of Elizabeth, and thus the child would have a better prospect than Limbo.—I. MCI., NEW YORK, N. Y.

a) For the prospect of heaven, bodily death marks the closure of probation and opportunity. Those who die without baptism are not entitled to heaven, for "unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." (John 3:5) Apropos of those who die as infants, and unbaptized, there are two basic questions to be answered—how do they spend eternity, and where?

As to the eternal state or condition of infants, we are certain of two things only. Because of original sin, they do not enjoy the bliss known as heaven. Guiltless of personal sin, they are not condemned to the banishment from heaven known as hell. Hence, there is reason to hope that infants are in heaven—in the same *place* with their parents, brothers, and sisters, although in the enjoyment of a lesser, differ-

nt *kind* of happiness, We do not claim that such is the ase, for the claim cannot be proven. Nor can it be proven hat there is anything incompatible in such a prospect. For xample, adults and children can enjoy one another's com- any in the same room, although in a way suited to their ifferent capacities.

There is no longer any reason for the continued ex- tence of the Limbo visited by Our Lord after His death; was a temporary abode for the souls awaiting His resur- ection and ascension. To refer to the eternal abode of nfants as Limbo seems to connote a place other than heaven -a sort of annex. But as explained above, there is no rea- on why unbaptized infants cannot spend eternity *in* heaven, njoying in the company of their dear ones the enviable liss known as natural beatitude.

) The theory you mention is one of several that have ccurred to the ingenuity of men. Another is that parents night make an act of baptism of desire as proxies for the hild. Such substitutes for baptism of water are possible, ut we have no reason whatever to consider them actual.

Advisable Or Not?

In a VA hospital, the Rabbi invited all personnel to attend the "Seder." Although assured beforehand that the service would be kept separate from the social gathering, the religious complexion of the repast was emphasized by the interspersed prayers and hymns, skull caps, etc. What should we do next time?—C. F., RACINE, WIS.

We have been advised competently that the Jewish Seder is predominantly a religious service and not merely a social gathering under Jewish auspices. Hence, the reasons alleged do not warrant the attendance of Catholic personnel—such as the desire to please a congenial Rabbi, or the fear of a manager who is a fallen-away Catholic now allergic to all religious conviction.

"Un-Catholic"

As a result of a mixed marriage, we never had any religion in our house. Am often at a loss to answer the questions of a non-Catholic neighbor with whom I share my copy of THE SIGN. *There seem to be confusing and contradictory things about the Catholic Faith. How come that certain prominent actors and actresses—Catholics—can be divorced and remarried so many times?*—F. B., WEEDSPORT, N. Y.

Inquiries along this line reach us continuously. As for marriage cases which are to any extent unusual, there is no reason for confusion when all the facts are known, nor is there any contradiction in the application of the Church's marriage laws. The element of contradiction is to be found solely between what representative Catholic conduct should be, and the actual, unrepresentative, un-Catholic conduct of individuals, here and there, now and then. We do not appraise Americanism according to the misconduct of traitors. Nor should we consider our Faith contradictory because some who profess it fail to live up to it. The illogic and unfairness of any such judgment is obvious. The Church is in no way responsible for the remarriage of Catholics contracted outside the Church.

Nostradamus

Can we put any stock in the predictions of Nostradamus? —K. M., GROTON, MASS.

No. Nostradamus, whose real name was Michel de Notre Dame, was a Frenchman of the early sixteenth century. As a physician, he was outstanding for his times: as a prophet, he was an astrologer and a quack. His predictions, based upon the supposed influence of the heavenly planets upon human events, were made with sufficient vagueness to give them some semblance of fulfillment. So too, the alleged oracles of Delphi, at the temple of Apollo, were so obscure that the term "delphic" became a synonym for "ambiguous." A real prophecy is the definite and certain prediction of an event so future and so free that it cannot possibly be foreseen humanly or naturally. A prophecy is the more recognizable as a miracle of the intellectual order, in ratio to the amount of time intervening between prediction and fulfillment, the percentage of minute details foretold, the freedom of the human agents involved, and the extent to which the outcome proves contrary to all human expectation. Since a real prophecy is a miracle, God alone can be the author of a prophecy; the so-called prophet is merely His mouthpiece.

Not Necessarily

a) Does dreaming about a departed soul mean that that person needs our prayers?

b) If we pray for three intentions on the occasion of a first visit to a church or chapel, can we count upon receiving our requests?—M. B., TULSA, OKLA.

a) We have no certainty, one way or the other, but it is quite possible that any such dream be a providential reminder that "it is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sins." (2 Mach. 12:46)

b) Although the hopeful praying for three favors on the occasion of a first visit to a church is rather widespread, we know of no guaranty that they will be granted. It seems to savor of presumption to expect that Divine Providence dispense favors in so automatic a fashion. On the occasion of a first visit, the dispositions of a petitioner might be as faulty as on any other occasion. Then too, the very favors prayed for might not be to our best advantage, despite our shortsighted convictions. Just because God is provident, He declines to grant some petitions. However, it does not follow that prayers voiced in a spirit of confidence and resignation go unheeded by the One who has assured us: "Ask, and it shall be given you." (Luke 11:9)

Beware of Detours!

Have been challenged as to why, after four years of interest in the Church, I have not joined. Am convinced that the Catholic Church is the one, true Church, but am deterred by the assignment of only one more American Cardinal.—F. M., FORT WAYNE, IND.

As another reason for the postponement of your submission to the Church—and to Christ—you allege a conspiracy on the part of the hierarchy in this country to exclude from the College of Cardinals a prominent churchman whom you very much admire. For an outsider, peering into the confidential recesses of the Church, you presume to know much more than we who have spent a lifetime "on the inside." Even though your objection to recent papal appointments could be sustained, that objection has nothing whatever to do with the separate item as to whether or not the Catholic Church be the one and only true Church. That status of the Church you admit. Therefore, your grave and urgent obligation to submit to the Church is clear. Your submission would imply no personal approbation or enthusiasm as to this or that appointment, but only an acknowledgment of the competence of the Pope and other bishops to make appointments within their respective spheres of jurisdiction. When straight thinking is called for, beware of detours that meander from the main route of thought.

Bonfire Material

Enclosed literature has been received in the mail several times. What is the best way to combat such organizations? —J. A., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Dictionaries define "refuse" as "that which is discarded as worthless, rubbish"; and "garbage," as "any foul refuse." Both descriptions fit the outpourings of The Freethought Press. The best way to offset their influence or that of any similar organization is to burn their literature out of circulation. It would be as futile to debate their claims as to argue with a Vishinsky or a Gromyko. Incidentally, no discerning person wants his parcel post carrier to deliver a book in the notorious "plain wrapper"—a dead giveaway that the contents are not fit to print. We receive inquiries by the dozen, asking for an appraisal of the ratings of H. G. Wells, Rupert Hughes, renegade churchmen, and the like. To scribe and publisher, to distributor and retailer, attacks upon religion are second only to pornographic literature as a source of "pay dirt." We recommend cremation in the handiest incinerator.

Dilemma

I realize and agree with the Church's attitude toward Catholics who divorce and remarry. My brother—divorced by a wife whose infidelity began while he was overseas and who has since remarried—has himself remarried and is now the father of a baby girl. What attitude should we manifest toward him and his legal wife?—K. P., CANTON, O.

You have posed a many-sided and very delicate problem. It is gratifying to know that you are of one mind with the Church as regards the wrongness of divorce with a view to remarriage. Current history, as recorded in the daily news, exemplifies the fact that in today's world, the divine stand of the Catholic Church is the only bulwark against the breakdown of marriage, the ruination of the family, and the dereliction of children.

Because of the grave sinfulness of marriage outside the Church, especially after divorce, as well as on account of the Church's stern reaction to such public immorality, many Catholics take it for granted that, consistently, relatives and friends should ostracize the guilty ones. Others incline—not to a lax—but to a more lenient course.

It is inadvisable, if not impossible, to express a blanket or coverall norm for procedure, since every such case has its modifying circumstances. Generally speaking, however, we incline to favor an attitude of leniency rather than unmodified severity. But no matter what civility, courtesy, or social recognition may be conceded to anyone so renegade to the Church, it must be extended in such a way that it cannot be construed as an endorsement of scandalous misconduct.

In this particular case, your brother's wife took advantage of his absence, and it was she who sought the divorce. But neither the profound sympathy he deserves on that score nor her infidelity can justify the way out taken by your brother, who thereby added his own wrongdoing to hers. No number of wrongs can right a situation. His civilly legalized union with another Catholic girl is only a paper marriage.

As to the attitudes to be taken in a case of this kind and the manifestations of attitude, there is bound to be considerable difference of opinion, based upon the relative conservatism or liberality of a family and of individuals within the family. On the one hand, we cannot shrug it off as a nonexistent problem or as a case of much ado about little, or try to play neutral—a reaction that would be telltale of a serious want of faith. On the other hand, we cannot be ruthless in manifesting the stern disapproval which is definitely called for. Our Divine Saviour could not and did not countenance the misconduct of the woman taken in adultery. But He did intervene lest she be stoned to death by hypocritical townsmen—insisting, at the same time: "go, and now sin no more." (John 8:3-11) Severe and harsh brands of sternness tend to beget bitterness and, in the long run, do more harm than good. It is more than enough to tax the wits of a Solomon to duly score a very grave and public scandal and, in a balanced way, to observe a Christlike spirit of uncompromising, yet understanding charity.

Oversimplified

During an animated, friendly discussion among people of several denominations, all the non-Catholics maintained that there is no difference whatever between them and us but our acceptance of the Pope. I said the point of difference is our attitude toward the Blessed Virgin. We await your settlement.—A. R., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Both Catholic and non-Catholic groups have oversimplified the statement of the problem as to the extent of divergence among the churches. We hope to clarify the issue by shedding a maximum of light with a minimum of heat. To begin with, you are very much mistaken in assuming that the Roman Catholic faith in Mary's status as Mother of the God-Man and her consequent privileges is the only reason why all Christians are not Catholics.

It should be noted, parenthetically, that the non-Catholic Christian denominations disagree not only with Roman Catholics, but also among themselves, and not only on matters which merely fringe the essentials but on the very ABC's of faith, morals, and worship. Relative to all this divergence, it should be obvious that the God who has so providentially revealed what our religion should be, cannot be indifferent to the discord marring the symphony of human homage.

In your next round table discussion, you might ask the son of the Baptist minister why it is that the Baptists postpone so urgent a sacrament as baptism until adult age. You could point out that Unitarians acknowledge no Divine Son of God or Holy Spirit; that most Protestant sects have discarded most of the sacraments; that even though some have retained a firm belief in the inspiration of the Bible, they are bereft of infallible guidance in the interpretation of God's word. Indeed, it is the alleged principle of private interpretation that is responsible for most of the crazy-quilt aspect of non-Catholic Christianity. To expedite the progress of your discussions, why not ask a priest to sit in as moderator? You all need guidance.

Our Lady of the Snows

Have you any information about an approved novena in honor of Our Lady of the Snows?—J. B., CHICOPEE, MASS.

Although Our Lady of the Snows is a recognized title of the Mother of God, the *Raccolta* lists no novena or similar devotion to her under that title. The *Raccolta* is the official publication of prayers approved by the Holy See and of attached indulgences. The origin of this title of Our Lady is a tradition recorded in the Roman Breviary, under the date of August 5. During the pontificate of Pope Liberius, in the fourth century, and despite the heat of a Roman August, the pattern of a church to be built in honor of the Mother of God was traced by a miraculous fall of snow. That edifice, known now as the Archbasilica of Saint Mary Major, is referred to popularly as the church of Our Lady of the Snows. In all probability, a novena or similar devotions honoring Mary under that title are observed locally; the feast day is featured throughout the Church by a Mass and Office on August 5.

Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

The Children's Hour

ICE UPON A TIME, in a simpler day, "The Children's ur" was the title of a poem by Longfellow, sentimental, ant you, but show me the happy household that must be part-time sentimental if it is to remain happy.

ongfellow wrote the poem and so titled it because that the time in the afternoon when his three little girls e downstairs for an hour with their father, to talk or or hear him read aloud. But the Children's Hour ld be far different today. Laughing Allegra would be ed up with a good comic book. Grave Alice would be rying to finish one before father started on his tiresome ling of a classic. Edith with the golden hair would be ng on the top step, ready to descend but not until she nd out if the Space Cadet made the mountains of the n all right.

trange phenomenon of our time—the comic book. Even modern children's books are sometimes tinged with this hod. Books crowd the counters, but so many of them about locomotives that argue or weep or weasels with appy home lives. The text is often inferior to the pic-es. One yearns for the older books for children—*The niral's Caravan* or *Beautiful Joe* or *Captain January*—is thankful for a new Mary Poppins or for the lovely *e Seventh Birthday of Little Jesus,* new this year.

Not that I am always for a repetition of the merely old, asten to say, or that I demand only old books be read ud to children. Take Dickens' *Christmas Carol,* for in-nce. After you have read it you know it, and after you e heard it the same is true. I am heartily weary of it. yway, Scrooge's kind of meanness is very dated for chil-n or grown-ups, in these days when wages are good and a's union would make Scrooge pay up or shut up shop. But too much of the writing for children today is the ult of the modern super-realism of adult books, and t goes for toys too. The dolls of yesterday, if a child was ecially lucky, could say Mama in a squeaky tone if you ssed them, and some could take a few steps in jerky hion. Today we have dolls that do nearly everything cept go to nursery school, and no doubt that will be the kt thing.

Toymakers' Derby

Each year the hard-working inventors come up with some-ng more real, and advertising men grow more lyrical out these products. And one wonders where in all this s gone the blessed gift of imagination. There was more lity for a child in a corn-silk doll or the shiny black-haired na one of long ago than in these concoctions which are erely the result of one toymaker's trying to make more ney than another by giving his doll additional life-aping alities. And still it is not life, so why not give imagina-n some scope for a change?

Children know better. Notice the odd things they carry ound with them—old teddy bears, banged-up dolls—not e elegant imported one. It reminds me of something I ard last Christmas about a father who set up in front the tree a wonderful electric train set, complete with real smoke and station lights and parlor cars with people in them. The child apparently liked it and played with it for some time, father of course playing right along with him. But when the latter went away for a little while, he returned to find the set neglected. He located his son, who was having a fine time with the pasteboard boxes in which each car had come. He had put them together with paper clips and was absorbedly running them on the floor. He had what was to him a real train; he had made it himself with the help of his imagination.

So much for toys and books. To come back to comic books, which no doubt all Longfellow's three children would be perusing along with the rest of young America. And I mean everybody. Parental opposition is choked by the clamor of the insisting young that everybody can read them, why can't I?

Evidently this is a form of art that is going to endure for some time, and we might as well make the best of it. And of course some of the booklets are very amusing. There is real fun in *Donald Duck* and *Mickey and Minnie Mouse.* But sadly these are no longer in many minds what the phrase comic book stands for. With time, publishers see a chance to make more money with other ideas. More excitement, so crime is inserted; and of late the variety that is termed sexy predominates. Today the flood of meretricious works, in the comics and in some of the so-called "pocket books" is so great that a committee is meeting in Washington to discuss it. Worried people are coming to give their opinions; bland publishers talk about how you cannot legislate morals.

Smut Brokers

Father Fitzgerald, who reviews pocket books and comics in Chicago, went to Washington and said some wise things to the committee. He said that no one could count the harm being done by this type of material, which appeals to low instincts and unfortunately caters to a large audience of children. His idea is that there be a tightening of laws against transportation of plainly pornographic material, but he does not approve of federal censorship until every other method has been tried. He urges the co-operation of civic groups in removing this filth from newsstands.

What are we waiting for? This is a family problem, and women need not wait for ecclesiastical steps before they themselves act. So why not handle this ourselves? Let members of guilds and rosary societies and auxiliaries look over their newsstands, make a list of such comics, present the list to the dealer, and ask him not to sell them to children; also send in a complaint to Washington. Thousands of these would produce action. And you might also cease going to that newsstand if he refuses to do what you ask.

We have a double duty, to our families and our country. For these are not only our children for whose future we are responsible. They are the generation which will form our country a few years hence. You cannot legislate morals, as the culpable publishers are so fond of saying, but a broom is a very womanly weapon and useful for cleaning up. And if merely sweeping will not do the trick, remember a broom can also be used to belabor recalcitrants.

"To independence," he said. "To the other mountains"

helping

by ***CHARLES CARVER***

ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR SCHMIDT

JOHN KIRKLAND sat in his living room impatiently, while his wife, a slender, warm-souled woman of forty-four, gave the dinner table a final, critical inspection. The air of composure which thirty years as a lawyer had given him was betrayed by the nervous way he smoked his cigarette. He flicked ashes from its tip more often than necessary, and his fingers toyed with it restlessly as he glanced first toward the dining room, then the front hall.

"Be sure," he called to her, "to give Jack and me plenty of time with the Judge. You know how deliberate the old coot is."

Vivian came in from the dining room. "I know," she said, sitting down by him on the sofa. "But I still don't see why you're being so devious about the whole thing. Why not just ask Jack outright if he'd like to work with Jackson & Hughes, instead of all this behind-the-scenes groundlaying with Judge Hughes? After all, it's the best law firm in the state and he's in the top fifth of his class. Why the folderol?"

"I don't want to push the boy," he said sharply. "I want him to decide on his own."

"What's a father for," she said more gently, "if not to give his own son a helping hand now and then?" She rose. "Jack and Alice will be here soon, and the Judge will be late, as usual. But you'd better begin getting the cocktails ready."

Glad to have something to do beside wait, he walked into the pantry and began putting ice cubes in the shaker.

Devious, he wondered? The word made him a little ashamed and uncomfortable because he knew in his heart it applied. He had sung Jack's praises to the Judge, and the Judge had agreed to take his son on, just for the summer and vacations until he should graduate from law school. Then, it was understood, there would probably be a promotion, more responsibility.

Maybe it was devious to work behind the scenes, as Vivian had put it. Vivian, being a woman, couldn't understand a young man's pride. But he could.

hand

Every man's life has an hour of decision like the one John Kirkland was reliving today. But this time the choice was not his to make

Fingers chilled by the wet squares of ice, John Kirkland remembered his own start in the law. He remembered his young indecisiveness, the groping for self-reliance, the battle of bright idealism against the "realities of the business world" which the old grads kept harping about. When his father had taken him to see old McCall, the senior partner of McCall and Thompson, he had been ashamed and embarrassed—at first. Then, as the youthful, school-taught visions began to fade, he had accepted the comfortable fact of his head start. It had been fed by the envy of his classmates, by money, by rapid advancement.

ONLY occasionally did he allow himself to wonder what would have happened had he struck out on his own, without influence, instead of being fifty yards ahead when the starting shot had been fired. Would he have actually become a forester, as he had dreamed? Would he have been successful? Of course he would never know now. He began to shake the cocktails roughly. Perhaps it was just as well that he would never know. It was a waste of time, he thought grimly, to moon down from the peak of one mountain and wonder how far he could have climbed up another. It was a foolish waste of time.

The doorbell rang and he greeted Jack and Alice. Kirkland had liked his son's fiancee from the first, and the feeling had become warm affection in the six months since. She was nineteen, unassuming without being weak, and pretty without being self-conscious. Whatever he was able to do to smooth Jack's road would benefit her as well, and it gave him a satisfying feeling to be able to start them both off together a little ahead of other couples.

"Sit down," he said jovially. "The Judge isn't here yet, but I don't see why we can't go ahead and have a cocktail. Alice, you look lovelier every day."

"Judge?" asked Jack. "What Judge?"

"I thought your mother had told you," he said. "We asked Judge Hughes for dinner too. And incidentally," he added playfully, "the judge is a good man for a young lawyer to know."

"He sure is," said Jack. "It was thoughtful of you to have him."

Kirkland walked happily back to the pantry and put the shaker and the glasses on a tray. But when he reentered the room he sensed a change, an atmosphere of constraint, as though he had interrupted a private discussion between them. Quickly he shrugged away the feeling and held the tray before Alice.

When he had served them and held a glass in his own hand, Kirkland suddenly felt nervous, almost sick. For longer than he wanted to remember, he had planned toward this very evening, and it was going to work out on schedule. The years of attendance at the Monday luncheon club, his name on the board of directors at the bank, his work for the Red Cross, all the labor a man must perform to be respected in his community, was going to be consummated at last. For he had struggled only partly for himself. Always in the back of his mind was the hope that his success would make the way easier for his boy. He realized completely for the first time what the visit to McCall had meant to his father. He realized that his father had been nervous and embarrassed too, but had been proud as well. It was a pattern, he thought gratefully, a pattern that took a generation or two to understand.

"The thing is," said Jack, and his voice was respectful and serious, "that—I've been wanting to tell you, but didn't know just how—that I've changed my mind. I don't want to go into law." He looked fixedly at the glass in his hand. "I've got a chance to go into ranching with a friend of mine . . . "

Kirkland saw the boy's eyes raise to his, and in them he read sympathy and pleading. And he read determination, a whole young spirit full of determination.

"I know it sounds sudden," continued the boy, "but I've been thinking about it for a long time, and now there's this chance . . . " His voice faltered. Not from fear, Kirkland realized, but from the wish to soften the blow.

Kirkland waited in silence for his hopes to come tumbling down. He listened in growing bewilderment for the sound of his dreams shattering like glass on stone.

But all he heard was his own heart thumping with pride. Jack was reaching out with courage, alone, where he had huddled back like a coward. Jack was ripping the pattern apart, instead of taking up the worn needle as he had done.

AS for the mountain, Jack would be climbing it under his own power, not roped safely to influence and a benevolent boss. He would never look wistfully across at the peaks he had wanted to try.

Vivian came sweeping in, unaware of the conversation and kissed Jack and Alice gaily. "How nice you both look," she said vivaciously. She walked to the tray and picked up a glass. "Is this one for me?"

Suddenly her husband rose. He touched her wrist as she was about to take her first sip. "Wait," he said, and pride lifted his voice strongly. "Wait, I want to propose a toast."

Raising his glass, he looked fondly at his son. "To independence," he said. "To the other mountains."

CHARLES CARVER, graduate of Yale, class of 1938, served in World War II as a lieutenant in the Navy. His short stories have appeared in many publications.

STAGE and SCREEN

by JERRY COTTER

Eleanor Parker and Robert Taylor in "Above and Beyond," story of first atomic bombing mission

A Lost Audience

Teen-age antics have driven a good many prospective adult movie-goers away from the average neighborhood theater. Some managers claim that the antics are in the audience, while others blame the adolescent scamperings on the screen for the absence of that over thirty group. There is little doubt that the average, intelligent adult has lost the movie-going habit. It may return, but not before Hollywood shows a decided change of heart and pace. The industry has seen fit in the past few years to ignore the entertainment demands of the mature audience and concentrate instead on the hoopla that the high-school crowd, the horse-opera addicts, and the crime fans demand. The "lost audience" is being lured back, but not on a permanent basis. Most of the pictures being labeled "adult" these days are sorry combinations of sordidness and psychopathia, sex and sadism. I don't believe that the average moviegoer, who once made a Saturday night ritual of movie attendance, is satisfied with this. Any more than he is content with the puerile overemphasis of themes that seem designed for the romantics in the true-confessions set.

The effects of Hiroshima will be felt for many generations in every part of the world, but in **ABOVE AND BEYOND,** the problem is pinpointed on one man's family. That man is Colonel Paul Tibbets, the officer who was selected to train and lead the bomber unit which made the momentous flight. While the film does leave problems unanswered and is less concerned with the over-all moral implications of the bombing, it does carry a powerful impact, dramatically and emotionally. In one of his best roles, Robert Taylor acquits himself creditably, while Eleanor Parker is fine as his wife who cannot be told the full details of the operation. Within its self-imposed limits, this is a well-organized and mature drama. (M-G-M)

Rosalind Russell's flair for sophisticated comedy is effectively framed in **NEVER WAVE AT A WAC.** She is a caricature Washington hostess who finds herself a bona-fide, khaki-clad WAC reluctantly undergoing all the rigors of basic training. The farcical overtones of the script give her full opportunity to indulge in angular antics, and she has never been funnier. A tendency toward suggestiveness and a *laissez-faire* attitude toward divorce are objectionable features in an otherwise hilarious comedy for adults. Paul Douglas, Marie Wilson, William Ching, and Arleen Whelan are excellent, in this sly spoof. (RKO-Radio)

MOULIN ROUGE is a striking photographic achievement, filmed in the Parisian locales where Toulouse-Lautrec spent alternate hours of dissipation and artistic success. There is a luminous quality to the photography which is all the more startling when contrasted with the sordid nature of the story and the blatant suggestiveness of many scenes. Jose Ferrer has managed a make-up feat reminiscent of the Lon Chaney guises, in bringing the deformed artist to the screen. He is somewhat less efficient in giving the characterization an inner light or even a flicker of true emotion. Habitués of Montmartre are played with vivid realism by Colette Marchand, Suzanne Flon, and Zsa Zsa Gabor. Casting of

he unique types required in the story seems to be an achievement in itself, but the principal accolades in this offbeat study belong to the man behind the camera, Ossie Morris. (Romulus-United Artists)

Despite a lady-or-the-tiger ending and an inconclusive conflict between good and evil, Daphne du Maurier's **MY COUSIN RACHEL** is an intriguing, artful film. There is suspense and engrossing drama, with a touch of the sinister, in this elegant enigma. While its artificiality is often plainly evident, the slick maneuverings of the storyteller hold your interest, even when rationality is most abused. The principal figure is a baffling chameleon who casts her spell over the man she marries, and presumably kills, his susceptible foster son, and Miss du Maurier as well. The men, the authoress, and the audience are never certain whether to classify Rachel as a ruthless adventuress or a misunderstood heroine. The device does make for an interesting, if not always convincing, drama. Olivia de Havilland's interpretation of the role is brilliant, and newcomer Richard Burton registers strongly in an exacting assignment. A provocative, complex fable for the adult audience. (20th Century-Fox)

George Dolenz, Olivia de Havilland, and Richard Burton in the absorbing drama, "My Cousin Rachel"

THE BAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL is a Hollywood self-indictment, a movie that highlights insincerity and heartbreak and spotlights suggestiveness in dialogue, situations, and costume. Primarily it is the story of a cinema-city genius who builds movies and ruins lives. While it is a slick production, moviewise, it is a sorry one as well, for it points up the character deficiency of a man called great. Spun with biting and sardonic insight, the tale is acted with exceptional skill by a well-known cast. Dick Powell is outstanding among such luminaries as Walter Pidgeon, Kirk Douglas, Leo G. Carroll, Lana Turner, Barry Sullivan, Gloria Grahame, and Gilbert Roland. (M-G-M)

The intimacy and intellectual approach which proved to be its biggest attractions on the stage are the greatest drawbacks to the screen success of **A MEMBER OF THE WEDDING.** Carson McCullers' story of a strange young girl probing the confusions of adolescence is not particularly attractive, nor especially effective when caught by the camera. It becomes merely another stage play enacted without making full use of the screen's broader canvas. Ethel Waters re-creates her role of a kindly cook in warm, understanding fashion, while Brandon DeWilde is excellent as the boy next door. Julie Harris, as the troubled twelve-year-old, wins your interest without your sympathy in a strident performance that does not compare favorably with her own theater interpretation of the part. A too-literal translation seems to be the fault in this stylized and often static adult drama. (Columbia)

Melody and mirth combine delightfully in **MEET ME AT THE FAIR**, a Technicolor costume piece starring Dan Dailey and Diana Lynn. The story is as dated as the turn-of-the-century setting, but it is one that never loses appeal. It is concerned with an orphan boy who runs away from an institution, joins a medicine show, and ends up on top of the rainbow. Chet Allen, the boy soprano who scored in Menotti's *Amahl and the Night Visitors,* makes a lovable orphan and scores decisively in his rendition of "Ave Maria." Familiar, but pleasant, family entertainment. (Universal-International)

Dan Dailey chats with Diana Lynn and young Chet Allen in the musical drama, "Meet Me at the Fair"

HIAWATHA, Longfellow's stately and beautiful poem, serves as the basis for an excellently developed action movie, guaranteed to delight young and old alike. Only a few lines of the classic poetry are heard, with ordinary dialogue filling in for the major portion of the story. Comparison to modern-day war fears might be made, but this really isn't a movie to inspect minutely. Rather it is one to enjoy for its charm and the spell it weaves. Good family entertainment, with Vincent Edwards doing well in the title role. (Allied Artists)

THE HOAXTERS is a 35-minute documentary lashing out at the threat of totalitarianism and demagoguery. It utilizes newsreel clips of Stalin, Hitler, Mussolini, and their legions to emphasize that there is little difference in the aim and approach of all three political philosophies. A timely and, in many respects, a powerful presentation, it adroitly underscores the current threat from the Kremlin. What it seems to ignore, or at least soft-pedal, is the real danger from within. Disloyalty on the home front might be more of a mortal danger than the marching legions in Red Square.

Robert Taylor, W[illegible]idgeon, George Murphy, Barry Sullivan, and James Whitmore serve as narrators for this provocative short feature. (M-G-M)

Oscar Wilde's sly quips and broad satire are bandied about with crisp and likeable elegance in the latest British-made version of **THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST.** Dame Edith Evans sets a brisk pace for the others with a blunt interpretation of the formidable Lady Bracknell. Michael Redgrave is properly foppish, and Margaret Rutherford makes an excellent Miss Prism. Wilde's comments on the manners, morals, and musings of his day retain sufficient flavor and humor to pass muster with adult audiences of our day. His most popular and, considered by many, his best play is still a laughing matter. (Universal-International)

The New Plays

THE SEVEN-YEAR ITCH is actually a *tour de farce* for its very clever and very amiable star, Tom Ewell. Few other modern actors can match him in the field of droll, effortless, winning comedy—and he is onstage practically every minute of George Axelrod's three nonsensical acts. Cast as a terrace-apartment husband whose wife and son are off on a summer holiday, Ewell capers through a series of episodes which involve him with an artless young actress who sublets the apartment upstairs. The premise of the play is that a husband approaching forty is a highly susceptible human who, when left to his own devices, may not always listen to the Dodgers game on the family wireless. The fable is spun with a considerable amount of droll humor and expert comedy performances by Ewell and Vanessa Brown. Marital infidelity, as a subject of humor, is a very salable article these days. While this version of husband-meets-temptress is told with finesse and a maximum of good taste (considering the theme), it does not fully measure up to the standards of the Catholic playgoer.

Michael Denison makes some notes for future reference in "The Importance of Being Earnest"

Bette Davis, whose metier is neurotic ladies with homicidal tendencies, has stormed the legitimate theater in a musical revue called **TWO'S COMPANY.** The result is, to put it charitably, rather pathetic. Miss Davis has proved her superior ability as a dramatic actress in many movie performances. Just why she should degrade herself in a series of cheap, suggestive, and amateurish skits in a second-rate revue is beyond the comprehension of the audience. She struggles through a simple dance routine, agonizes her audience with two song renditions, and hits a burlesque stage note with her impersonation of "Sadie Thompson." For the rest, the show is a mediocre melange of songs you won't hear on the Hit Parade and sketches that play dead all the way. Suggestive and dull about sums it up, with a postscript to the effect that the mighty sometimes fall very far.

TIME OUT FOR GINGER is a lighthearted, and occasionally lightheaded, farce-comedy that strikes a happy family note. It offers the playgoer a diverting session based on the perennial conflict between the parental and the adolescent view on what is socially "right" and what "just isn't done." It's good clean fun all the way, and if it isn't a great play, it certainly is an amusing one. Melvyn Douglas is especially good as the father of a family, who wonders and wonders and worries. Nancy Malone is a delight as his tomboyish daughter, and every member of the cast pitches in to make it a most enjoyable farce.

Lillian Hellman's **THE CHILDREN'S HOUR** is a powerful play about a distasteful subject. In the current revival, it is acted with spirit and insight by a fine cast, players who are by turn shrewd and innocent, distraught and horrified. Stripped to essentials, the Hellman script deals with a strange youngster who deliberately destroys the reputation and lives of two school teachers with half-false accusations of abnormality. It is not a pleasant tale, nor especially credible, but it is a striking drama. Iris Mann is splendid as a violent and vicious child, and Katherine Emmet is excellent as her indulgent grandmother. Kim Hunter and Patricia Neal are technically expert as the accused teachers, but they fail to give their portrayals the extra note of warmth which would arouse audience sympathy. Miss Hellman has ignored all moral implications in her analysis, which leaves it a cold, calculating, and almost cynical study.

Playguide

FOR THE FAMILY: *Mrs. McThing*

FOR ADULTS: *The King and I; Whistler's Grandmother; Time Out for Ginger; Dial M for Murder;* (On Tour) *Oklahoma*

PARTLY OBJECTIONABLE: *The Moon is Blue; The Male Animal; New Faces of 1952; Bernadine; The Seven-Year Itch; The Millionairess; An Evening With Beatrice Lillie; Guys and Dolls; Wish You Were Here; The Fourposter* (On Tour) *Bell, Book and Candle; Call Me Madam; The Country Girl; Gigi; Don Juan in Hell; Top Banana; Stalag 17; The Shrike; Point of No Return; Paris 90; Paint Your Wagon*

COMPLETELY OBJECTIONABLE: *Pal Joey; Two's Company; Time of The Cuckoo* (On Tour) *The Constant Wife; Good Night Ladies; I Am a Camera; Maid in the Ozarks; Mister Roberts*

THE LOVELY FACE OF LABOR

he man who accepts the Divine decree of labor and bmits to it worships as he toils

by ***E. BOYD BARRETT***

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY HARTMAN

A KEMPIS asks the pertinent question: "Why seekest thou rest, since ou art born to labor?"

Who can hope to escape the burden toil? Who can doubt man's obligation work? In the hard facts of life the ivine Will proclaims loud and clear: lan must labor!"

But labor is not just labor and no ore; work is not just work! The man o accepts the Divine decree and subits to it worships as he toils. St. Benect condensed this truth in three rds: "Labor is prayer."

The pagan philosopher Seneca wrote, restalling the Christian teaching of St. enedict: "It is unbecoming (dishonorle) in man to fear to sweat." He is a ward who despises his job or fails to it as best he can!

In one of his fables La Fontaine rearks: "By the work one knows the rkman." The worker reveals himself his work; he not only shows what lent he possesses, but also his moral ality. He writes his ability and his aracter into what he does. Has he ill and art? Does he reach out toward a ideal? Is his outlook on life serious? as he a sense of duty and of honor? ou can tell all when you study his rk.

It is rare to come upon a piece of rk that is really well done—and *fin*ed—as it should be. These are days fast, careless, slipshod work. "Honest bor has a lovely face," someone wrote. is not often that we behold that auty!

How important is it that work should e done well and carefully?

It takes but a moment to realize that r well-being and our safety, as well our peace of mind, are dependent pon the kind of work that is done for s. If the electrician we employ to wire our house does an inefficient job, we may be burned to death or ruined by a fire. A clumsy pharmacist may poison us. A cook can send a whole family to bed with agonizing cramps. We hear of submarines failing to rise to the surface; of planes loaded with passengers crashing; of automobiles 'out of control' smashing into one another and killing the passengers. Drivers and pilots are not always to blame for mishaps. *As often as not it is the ill-made, or ill-designed machine, put together by careless hands, that is the cause of tragedy.*

Most of us have a goal of one kind or another in life; some status or some reward to which we would attain. 'To arrive' we must work. With our minds and with our hands. "He who would eat the kernel must crack the shell" (Plautus). Some, no doubt, seem to attain their ambition swiftly and easily as it were by chance, but the vast majority of men discover that "life gives nothing to men unless they work hard." Work is the price we have to pay, and unless the work is good it will not for long pass currency. Edison taught a self-evident truth when he said, "There is no substitute for hard work!"

A job gives us, first of all, the chance to find ourselves. The job, whatever it is, presents a new and different experience, one that provokes unfamiliar efforts and unfamiliar thoughts. Ideas are born. They may lead the way to new opportunities. "All work," wrote Carlyle, "is as seed sown. It grows and spreads and sows itself anew." To put it very simply, 'one thing leads to another.' *A chance* is likely to present itself somewhere in between. On the other hand, if we do no work, if we take no job, we remain in the dark about ourselves, and we are not accosted by opportunity.

The hard worker, like the office-boy in the Admiralty long ago, who "polished so well the handle of the big front door," makes an impression on someone or other, and finally makes his way upward. Things seem to happen that way in life. Work counts and is counted. Success follows and then, perchance, fame. But whether success and fame be ours or not, whether or not material benefits be our reward for hard work, we please and serve God and win His love, by honest, faithful toil.

When we hire ourselves to do a job, are we, or are we not, supposed to put the best we have into doing the job right? Is there, latent in our contract, that understanding? Are we supposed "to throw our whole souls" into the job?

WHEN a young man, I worked for a highly respectable and old-fashioned firm as an office clerk. The work I was given to do was uninteresting, and I considered it "beneath me." I had had a classical education and *I felt myself superior to mere bookkeeping.*

When the end of the year came round, the Board of Directors of the firm interviewed each member of the staff. When my turn to be interviewed came, I found myself sitting at the end of a long mahogany table, at the sides of which sat Directors. Facing me, at the head of the table, sat the Managing Director, a tall, grave man, who wore *pince nez.*

For a while he looked at me and then, mentioning my name, he asked: "Do you throw your whole soul into your work?" Evidently, he had received none too flattering reports about me.

I didn't know what to answer. I sought refuge in an evasive answer—and I felt very ashamed!

It had never occurred to me that I

The majority of men discover life gives nothing unless they work hard

could or should "throw my whole soul" into keeping books. My work, I know, was far from neat. I presume it was often inaccurate. What I was being paid to do, what I had contracted to do, I was not doing! What then was I but a thief?

In those days I grumbled over my job. And, like all who grumble about their work, I was in no mood to do good work. I guess I lowered the morale of others in my office. It was a good admonition that the beloved Uncle Remus gave to the cow that was groaning as it pulled the yoke for him. "You do de pullin', Sis Cow, en I'll do de gruntin'!"

When we have a job to do, when we hire out to do a job, it is wrong to waste time in beginning, seeking, as it were, a way of escape. The job may look tedious, uninviting but that is no justification for hesitating and "dawdling." The pertinent thing is that it is our job, and that it is our duty to do it well. We should take up our tools at once and go at it knowing that "the best way out is always through."

St. Paul had little sympathy with slackers. He wrote to the Thessalonians: "If a man will not work, neither let him eat!" St. Paul "labored more abundantly" than anyone. Rather than be a burden to others, he worked with his hands. He gloried in work for he knew that "a workman need not be ashamed." The stamp of perfection was on his output. We recognize the fullness and beauty of a master's work in Paul's epistles and letters. All he touched he adorned!

Men and women who shirk work bring various misfortunes on themselves. The maladies and miseries of life fall heaviest on them. For such, wrote Carlyle, there is but one cure. "Work is a grand cure for all the maladies and miseries that beset mankind." People grow sick in mind and in body because of idleness. They crave for sympathy in their self-caused distress, but they deserve none. "The sick one," wrote Montaigne caustically, "is not to be pitied who has the means of cure up his sleeve."

Some who read these pages will exclaim, "None of that applies to me! I have too much to do! I do more than my share!"

There are those who forget the principle "first things first." What should come first with them is the work they are contracted (or ordered) to do. Instead of being satisfied to do that work, they assume other tasks. They do wrong in attempting to carry, or in pretending that they can carry, a double load. There is no honor or justice in deceiving others (or ourselves) as to the quantity or quality of the work we can do. If we really have "too much to do" we should get out from under that burden.

Living, as I have lived for years, in an old ranch house, I have had varied experience with men who undertook to do jobs for me, from carpenters to farriers, and chimney sweepers! I've had, like others, many a harassing disappointment in the quality of the work done, or in the failure to do what was promised. On the Aran Isles, I have seen a woman of ninety years up on her cottage roof mending the thatch, but the chimney-sweeper I employed, though a member of the local fire brigade, was afraid to get up on the chimney.

An expert who constructed an arbor would have seen it in a heap a few weeks later had he come back to admire his work. A slight breeze had knocked it over!

Side by side with disappointing work I've seen the amazing grandeur of honest and spirited work.

In a storm, a huge oak tree fell across my only avenue, blocking it completely. It was a stunning "disaster" and it seemed to me, almost irremediable.

After a phone call, an elderly Italian and his son arrived with saws, axes, and some hand-tackle. It was still early when they went to work. Together they sawed through the great trunk at one place after another. They chopped off big branches with their axes. Often they were in serious danger but they kept alert. When the sawing was finished they began with the tackle. The immense stump was pulled out. Big limbs were hauled to one side. When darkness fell the avenue was cleared.

These two men, one old and one young, had faced a terrific job with quiet courage, carrying it to completion with skill and will-power. In such a job there was real work—and more than work—there was moral achievement.

At the beginning of this article I quoted the saying: "Honest labor has a lovely face!"

Certainly Christ was enamoured of that face! How tenderly, how affectionately, He praised those watchmen and those stewards of His parables, who carried out efficiently the work that was given them to do! With what unforgetable words He addressed them: "Well done! Good and faithful servants!"

RETALIATION

by Sister Philomena Mary, S.N.J.M.

Pelt with stones an orchard tree—
Its luscious fruit will fall on thee.

Crush a violet in its bed,
And perfume round thee will be shed.

Break an oyster's heart in twain—
A precious pearl may be thy gain.

So give to those who injure thee
The treasure of thy charity.

Books

THE SHIPWRECKED

By Graham Greene. *244 pages.*
Viking. *$3.00*

Graham Greene

Graham Greene's latest work is a brilliant performance, full of excitement and interest, in which the novelist explores a group of people who, for one reason or another, have been cast out of life, who do not belong, who neither struggle with destiny nor resign themselves to it, who neither act nor react, but who are acted upon. Passive in the face of experience, they still grip the reader's mind because of the clear, incisive art that has been expended upon them. However, like Mauriac's characters, they do not cleave to the mind after the book has been laid aside, because they owe more to the author's creativity than to his observation.

Greene's characters are mostly types; his themes are supernatural and his treatment is abstract. But the characters do not add up to a virtue or vice or any other moral or spiritual reality—they add up to Greene's sensibility. The narrative is abstract in the sense that it is freed from what is naturalistic and accidental by being removed as far as possible from our work-a-day world, but there the likeness ends. The novelist is asking, how can God strike into a world like this, for surely the characters are too weak to search Him out, a great theme indeed, but marred somewhat by the carefully charted prurience and an overripe, lush quality.

But Greene is a serious writer; he is searching here, as in most of his work, for a formula of greatness and for a new way to channel it.

N. ELIZABETH MONROE.

ROMULO: VOICE OF FREEDOM

Cornelia Spencer. *256 pages.*
John Day. *$3.00*

"During the Battle of the Philippines I sometimes remembered Rudyard Kipling. How I wished he had been with us on Bataan! I should have liked showing him miles of foxholes piled with American and Filipino bodies and asked him to repeat over the mingled flesh 'Never the twain shall meet.'" Those words of Carlos Romulo highlight the significance of this book for Americans in more ways than one. Now Philippine Ambassador to the United States, Romulo has long been a fighter for democracy and we can learn much from him as an interpreter of Asian peoples. His articles on the Far East, written before the outbreak of the war, won him a Pulitzer Prize for Journalism.

During the bitter days of Bataan and Corregidor, Romulo as the "Voice of Freedom" was broadcasting defiance to the enemy and visiting the troops in the foxholes. His bravery under fire won him a decoration and he was made Aide-de-Camp to General MacArthur. He was with the General and President Osmena as they waded ashore in the triumphant return to the Philippines. Romulo's outstanding abilities were recognized when he was elected for a term as President of the U. N. General Assembly.

Whether we like it or not, Asian problems will be a major concern to Americans for a long time. This sympathetic portrait, while limited in scope, is a contribution to mutual understanding. Writer, patriot, diplomat, and fighter for decency, Romulo's career is an inspiration for the defenders of democracy.

DOYLE HENNESSY.

THE SOJOURNER

By Marjorie K. Rawlings. *327 pages.*
Scribner's. *$3.50*

M. K. Rawlings

It's a rare novel that concerns itself with lasting truths, but, unfortunately, it's an even rarer one that, having thus concerned itself, is able to bring them to life. So, in Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' *The Sojourner* there is the scope that commands respect coupled with the failure that is the more disappointing because of the proportions of the promise.

This tale of a simple farmer, who spends sixty years tilling the land, rearing a generation of little foxes, and, above all, endlessly seeking reunion with his prodigal elder brother, is vitally concerned with man's need for communion with his fellows, a need which the author resolves, rather patiently, in the closing pages by filling her hero with old-age regrets over repeated failures to exchange his passive goodness for an active struggle against evil.

There is here, however, no more serious quarrel with its working-out than with the theme itself, which is drawn from the Bible ("For we are strangers before thee, and sojourners, as were all our fathers: our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding"). The quarrel is, rather, with Miss Rawlings' surprising failure to breathe life into her characters, to create situation, incident, and dialogue that are more than merely apt. Instead there are only people who are plausible without being real, and naturally they find themselves unequal to the task of budging the author's massive theme off the level of a Sunday sermon.

All this is doubly disappointing, coming from the author of *The Yearling*, but Miss Rawlings can take solace in two indisputable facts: If she has failed, hers has been an honest failure, and what's more, she has not been guilty of overreaching herself, for she is demonstrably able to write the book that *The Sojourner* tries to be. Perhaps another time.

CLARE POWERS.

ALWAYS THE YOUNG STRANGERS

By Carl Sandburg. *445 pages.*
Harcourt, Brace. *$5.00*

C. Sandburg

Carl Sandburg's review of the first twenty years of his life is pre-eminently an intensive, and yet discursive, study in Americana. It is not so much recollections of his own individual life, but of the life all about him in his native city of Galesburg, Illinois, in the last quarter of the last century. It is comparable alike to the meticulous cataloguing of minor incident in Sinclair Lewis' *Main Street* and to the flavorful evocation of an elder United States in Mark Sullivan's *Our Times.*

It is a plodding book; for Mr. Sandburg is as relentless as Boswell in jotting down everything that he recalls having happened in Galesburg when he was a boy and youth. And Mr. Sandburg is blessed or burdened with what the psychologists term "total recall." He

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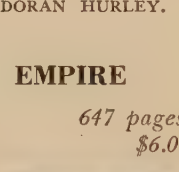
recalls all his teachers and most of his schoolmates and playmates, individually and by name. It is the book's fault that the historian's delight in his powers of recollection so completely master his sense of selectivity. But the very ponderousness of Mr. Sandburg's memory, whether of the contents of his schoolbooks or of child talk or folk slang of the last quarter of the last century, makes the book vastly more important than the central thread of his own story. It is the massive and masterful evocation by a great genius of a portion of the American way of life that is forever gone, but that made the bridge from the pioneers, who opened the country, to the present. The span of the book is from Mr. Sandburg's birth in 1878 to his return from the Spanish-American War. Other books, it is to be hoped, are in the writing on his later career as poet and historian. This is certain. Critical works may in the future deal with Carl Sandburg's writing. No one will dare write his biography. He, himself, has begun the "definitive" retelling of his life's story.

DORAN HURLEY.

THE COURSE OF EMPIRE

By Bernard DeVoto. *647 pages.*
Houghton Mifflin. *$6.00*



Bernard DeVoto

Bernard DeVoto has often taken swipes at academic historians for their intellectual and stylistic deficiencies. *The Course of Empire* gives some opportunity for a retort in kind. In an apparent striving for vividness, the author succumbs at times to self-conscious art—"His (Coronado's) armor was gilded and two plumes waved from his helmet." Occasionally, also, abstruse intellectualism leads to Faulkneresque unintelligibility: "This slight increment of force, itself a minute integer of experience in a sum of fantasy, made the first whorl in what would be a vortex of forces. . . . "

DeVoto follows the classic line of Prescott and Parkman. This implies a critical examination of the cruelties of the Spanish conquest of America and an unsympathetic approach to the activities of the Catholic missionaries. For example, he regrets the inability of the Spanish to attract the friendship of the Pueblo Indians. ". . . The nature of the Spanish soldier and of the Church spiritual forbade" such a tie. Or again, " . . . the Spanish built notable cruelties, and for the love of Christ the priests worked cruelties of their own."

With all of these deficiencies, one is obliged to grant *The Course of Empire* great qualities of learning and interest. The story of the exploration of the American West is a dramatic one and Mr. De Voto has exploited this drama most effectively.

H. L. ROFINOT.

WHEN THE GODS ARE SILENT

By Mikhail Soloviev. *506 pages.*
McKay. *$3.95*

M. Soloviev

On several levels, *When the Gods Are Silent* is notable. It is an exciting adventure story. For hero it has a refreshing anachronism, a man who faces adversity and grows strong under it. It is a revelation of the suffering and disillusionment of life in Soviet Russia between 1917 and World War II.

Mikhail Soloviev, an exiled Russian journalist, has done his homeland and the western world a service. He has translated the attitudes and spirit of a country under tyranny into words democracy can understand. He has done it with objectivity but deep and contagious emotion.

Mark Surov, a peasant boy of the Steppes, is his protagonist. Mark's gallantry in the Budenny Cavalry in the early days of the Revolution singles him out for training and advancement in the Red regime. An official, he goes from Siberian city to prison camp, from Komsolenk to the fastnesses of the Kremlin. Embittered by the fraud and cruelty about him, he shrinks from the spiritual bankruptcy that he feels faces him if he adjures the Communist dream for which so many of his friends and family have died believing.

It is breathtaking when a fine writer finds a worthy subject; when an accomplished interpreter is able to translate crucial historical movements for readers of an alien culture.

The book touches its climax as Mark leads a guerrilla force against the Nazi invader and Stalinists tyrants both. Because its heartbreaking story is told through the eyes of a balanced and brave man, the total effect of this novel is a sound and hopeful one. We believe with Mark that his beloved country after centuries of despotism will one day be liberated, and her gods no longer silent.

CLORINDA CLARKE.

REPORT ON THE AMERICAN COMMUNIST

By Morris L. Ernst & David Loth.
Henry Holt. *240 pages.*
$3.00.

This is a report of the findings of the Messrs. Ernst and Loth in their attempt

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to discover what brings rank-and-file members into the American Communist Party and what often leads them to disillusionment and exit from the party. The method, we are told, consisted in inviting former members to write, with every assurance of secrecy, their own account of the experience of joining the party and ultimately leaving it.

The results of this inquiry have permitted the authors to reach interesting, tentative conclusions about the types of people whom the party attracts, and in what circumstances; what elements in the Communist doctrine appeal to these people; the reasons why this doctrine fails in so many cases to hold the allegiance of its devotees; the obstacles which disillusioned Communists encounter when they seek to withdraw and in the world outside the party after their withdrawal. Most of these conclusions seem valid and important for the effort the free world is making to forestall the spread of Communism.

What seems less valid to this reader, or at least the weakest part of the book, is the final chapter entitled: "A New Program to Defeat the Communist Party in the U.S.A." Its weakness consists chiefly in a vagueness which makes it fail to live up to the promise of its title. "We were dedicated," observes one of the three-hundred-and-some ex-Communists questioned by the authors, "and don't minimize the joy of dedication." The problem of Communism is, in the last analysis, a spiritual problem. Most of the people who provided the data for this book moved into the party out of a spiritual vacuum. The authors seem to have very little, aside from generalized reference to "the bulwarks of American freedom," to put onto this vacuum.

FENTON MORAN.

ANATOMY OF A SATELLITE

By Dana Adams Schmidt. 512 pages.
Little, Brown. $5.00

D. A. Schmidt

Since Czechoslovakia was taken over by the Communists in February, 1948, many Americans have been wondering how a Western-style democracy could have succumbed without a fight. Dana Adams Schmidt tells the sorry story in this fact-crammed book. The author arrived in Czechoslovakia in April, 1949, as the foreign correspondent of the *New York Times*, and was forced to flee in May, 1950, under threat of arrest for "espionage." He is well qualified to relate and assess the events. He gives a full account of the trial of William Oatis, the Associated Press American newspaperman who is still held a prisoner. A chapter on how the churches were broken up deals fully with the persecution of Archbishop Beran and the Catholic clergy.

Although it is doubtful that this book will appeal to a wide audience, those who are especially interested in the fate of Czechoslovakia will be grateful to obtain such a thorough analysis of the subject. The author not only provides a case history of recent events, but also goes into considerable detail concerning the historical background of the peoples involved.

Mr. Schmidt attests to the effectiveness of the Radio Free Europe programs beamed to Prague. This privately financed counter-propaganda is part of the Crusade For Freedom activities and should not be confused with the official Voice of America program. The author thinks we can help strengthen the resistance of the Czechs by increasing our efforts to help and use the talents of thousands who have fled from the Red terror. He concludes that under favorable conditions, a Titoist type revolt is still a possibility, as the spirit of the people has not yet been entirely crushed.

DOYLE HENNESSY.

JUST FOR TODAY

James Keller. 365 pages.
Doubleday. $2.00

James Keller

Father Keller has written a companion book to his earlier *Three Minutes a Day* that should find equal acceptance. Part of the regimen necessary to being a Christopher, to carrying Christ to the marketplace, a vocation for all the laity, is some sort of daily discipline. This, Father Keller would provide in *Just For Today*.

In *You Can Change the World* and *Careers That Change Your World*, he has provided a goal. But just as a religious needs constant prayer and contemplation to assist him, so the layman needs a constant strengthening of purpose, refreshing of viewpoint, and reminder of Christ in us, to keep him to his purpose.

For each day of the year, Father has provided an anecdote from which he draws a relevant point for those in the world, follows it with a quotation from Scriptures, and at the bottom of the page offers a special prayer for the day.

Many of the incidents he uses are humorous, some have a tremendous shock value, and each one, if read in the spirit of love and faith, cannot help bringing us daily closer to Christ. And as we approach Him, we cannot fail to draw all those around us nearer to the sainthood God has intended for all men.

And perhaps the prayer that Father offers on August 30 might well be the

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BE NOT SOLICITOUS

by Maisie Ward
and Thirteen Catholic Families

God really does take care of a family that trusts Him—even if the landlord doesn't trust *them*, even if illness comes and jobs go and houses prove rarer than diamonds and much more expensive. He really does: the thirteen true stories in this book are all written by people who have proved it in their own lives. Besides much else, Maisie Ward's introduction distinguishes this kind of trust in God from the sin called "tempting Providence" and that is a distinction that badly needed to be made. Maisie Ward as you know, no doubt, is Mrs. Sheed, so isn't it fun to have this book coming out in the same season as the one above, much of which also deals with the family—Whichever you read first will light up the other. **Ready $3.00**

THE HIDDEN STREAM

by Msgr. Ronald Knox

Conferences on apologetics given to the Catholic students at Oxford during the last few years. We started to read this hoping there would be a few laughs to help down such subjects as the proofs for the existence of God, the Four Marks of the Church, Spiritualism, and so on. The laughs were there all right, but they were the least of it. Each subject was so unexpectedly handled and so interesting we wanted to read it again before going on to the next one. What a chaplain Oxford lost when the rest of us got a Bible translator! Ready Feb. 18th **$3.00**

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Of course if you haven't yet read THE BOOK OF THE SAVIOUR, assembled by F. J. Sheed (442 pages, Illus., $4.00) you could start Lent very happily with that—or with SAINTS FOR NOW, edited by Clare Boothe Luce (Illus., $3.50) which has just won a Christopher Book Award.

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ayer for all Christophers: "O Lord, I nk You for the privilege of being a worker with You."

MARIEDYTHE WARD.

TIZENS OF THE WORLD

Stringfellow Barr. *285 pages.*
Doubleday. *$3.00*

Stringfellow Barr

here is much to aise in this book and profit from its read- g. Intelligent in out- ok, Christian in irit, and well-trav- ed, the author de- ores the interna- nal effect of these mericans who, adopt- g the spirit of capitalistic imperial- n, are narrowly nationalistic, scorn- of "foreigners" whose way of life ffers from their own, and con- ned almost solely with the contain- nt of Communism for the profit of nerica and especially of American siness. Such persons, he says, give aid d comfort to the Communists rather an to the needy of this world, and imately they will defeat their own rpose and lead to war. Communists, ually selfish, often propose to others easures which appear, at least, to offer nomic betterment to the downtrod- n. For narrow selfishness and vested erests, Stringfellow Barr wishes us to bstitute a constructive desire to elim- ate as much of this world's misery as can. For this he proposes that we uld pay less attention to wanting the atitude of others for material aid hich is contrary to Our Lord's own achings), and to extending our arms ogram, and that we should give eater attention to co-operating with e nationalistically anonymous United ations in providing a sort of interna- nal T.V.A.

Because it would be unfortunate if ose who disagree with the author re- se to give him the thoughtful atten- on which he deserves, one can only ge the reading of this book. Not erything is free from criticism. For ample, his compassion for Europe's splaced Jews leads him to overlook e injustices done to the Arabs in the velopment of Israel. It must be said, owever, that his message is a Christian e and his proposals for carrying it to effect economically do merit oughtful, charitable, and prayerful nsideration and discussion.

EVA J. ROSS.

HE CATHOLIC WAY

By Theodore Maynard. *302 pages.*
Appleton-Century-Crofts. *$3.50*

r Catholic and Protestant alike, Theo- re Maynard writes in praise of the atholic way of life. This, as many of his other books, shows him in perennial amazement at the prize he drew some years ago when he embraced Catholicism.

That was in 1915. And ever since, through the various forms of literature, his pen has been telling the world of that wondrous find. History, biography, and the essay have each served to that end. And now, quoting St. Augustine, "O Beauty, ever ancient and ever new," he feels that he must say more of the beauty that has been forever a joy to him.

Maynard traces the way of the Catholic through the Sacraments and finds a more peaceful, satisfied citizen for the grace bestowed. The Protestant would be much more joyful, much more at peace with himself, had he such advantages. Among those not of the Faith, there is a noticeable leaning toward Catholicism in many externals, in the use of incense, of the crucifix, of the sanctuary lamp; but the soul is missing —the Holy Sacrifice itself and the comfort that comes with it.

Then, there is the assurance that papal infallibility brings to the faithful. Quoting W. H. Mallock, another convert and writer, the author declares that any religion that renounces its claim to infallibility can profess only semi-revelation. It becomes a hybrid thing, partly natural.

The Catholic Way bristles with the names of important writers, many of them close friends of the author. As one would expect, many of his allusions and examples are of a literary sort.

JOHN L. MADDEN.

COME BACK TO SORRENTO

By Joseph Petracca. *229 pages.*
Little, Brown. *$3.00*

J. Petracca

The Americanization of the Italian immigrant has been a slow and, for him, a painful process. Even after he has become a citizen he remains in many ways an alien. The adjustment is not made any easier for him by the prejudice that portrays him in the entertainment world as either a criminal or a spaghetti-eating, mandolin-strumming moron. His children, born and raised here, make his adjustment all the more difficult: in the ensuing battle of culture, his tendency is to cling more tenaciously to the old country ways while he seeks to impose them on his rebellious offspring.

Something of this struggle is hinted at in this first novel of Joseph Petracca. While Papa dreams of going back to olive groves in Sorrento, the children grow up nursing their secret hurts, wondering why they cannot be "like the

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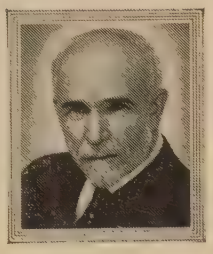

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American kids" and do and have the things that "the American kids" do and have. No one shows them the other side of the coin: that they have something to give to "the American kids."

If this is to be taken as a serious novel underneath its bubbling good humor, its theme is on the subtle implications of Americanization. Pursuing this view, it seems to me that it is not the kind of book which will make the problem any easier for either the immigrant or his American neighbors. It only entrenches more solidly the popular caricature already referred to above.

If, on the other hand, it is no more than a series of sketches of Italian-American life, it should be made clear that it is only a segment of that life. It would be a stolid soul indeed who could not enjoy the ebullient spirits, the explosive temperaments, the broken English, and the really side-splitting scenes that occur in *Come Back to Sorrento.* But there is another side even to this coin.

FORTUNATA CALIRI.

SHORT NOTICES

NO SECRET IS SAFE. By Mark Tennien. 270 pages. Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.50. In this, his latest publication, Father Tennien presents the diary of a Maryknoll missionary in Red China from 1949 through 1951. Interspersed with the chronicle of his own experiences are several important observations. His analysis of the Communist agrarian reform program is valuable because of his familiarity with the Chinese land system, while his eyewitness description of Communist penetration into Chinese life answers questions everyone has wondered about. Father Tennien believes that the China which has hitherto absorbed all invading civilizations can eventually absorb Communism. However, he emphasizes the firm contemporary hold which Communist discipline and system have on China. The book is a timely one. It may revise the opinions of those who say "It can't happen here!"

VENERABLE JOHN NEUMANN. By Rev. Michael Curley, C.SS.R. 547 pages. Catholic University of America. $6.50. As Archbishop Cicognani observes in his eloquent Foreword to the present volume, "Saints do not need us but we need them." And how can our need be satisfied unless we know something of their virtues and personalities? So Catholics of the United States may well be grateful for this first complete and fully documented biography of "the little man who came out of an upland valley of Bohemia" to become apostle of the German immigrants—and during

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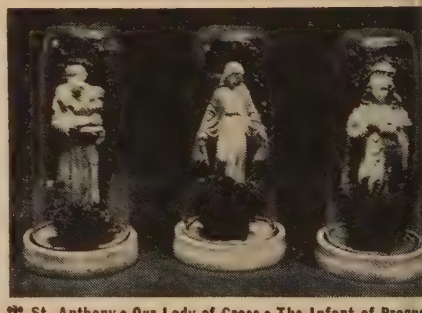

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troublous 1850's fourth Bishop of iladelphia. His story abounded in ose small martyrdoms which so often ke the place of one great martyrdom saintly lives; but from first to last he lked with the humble zeal of a priest h love with the Church of God."

NNAPURNA. By Maurice Herzog. 4 pages. Dutton. $5.00. Annapurna, The Goddess of the Harvests," rising frozen majesty in the Himalaya range northern Nepal, is presently the ghest mountain—26,493 feet—ever mbed by man. This is the story of the mbing in 1950 by the French Hima-yan Expedition, a magnificently told cord of gallantry and heroism.

Maurice Herzog, leader of the ex-edition, writes with much the same mbination of simplicity and exalta-on as his countryman, St. Exupery. he still higher peak of Everest may t be conquered; but Herzog's story of e ascent and descent of Annapurna ill indubitably be the world's great assic of mountain climbing. It is an stance of the sensitive awareness of s writing and feeling that in the last oward stretch to Annapurna's summit e thought of "the famous ladder of St. heresa of Avila."

HEY HEARD HIS VOICE. Compiled y Bruno Schafer, O.F.M., Cap. 255 ages. McMullen. $3.00. This is a col-ction of convert stories, striking in ope. Represented are artists, econo-ists, historians, scientists, and diplo-ats from countries which dot the obe.

Of considerable interest is the story f Adolpf Martin Bormann, son of Hit-r's notoriously anti-Christian deputy. ouglas Hyde writes his story of his ath "from the Kremlin to the Vati-an." Further sampling of the names presented include Dr. Rudolph Hynek, ientist (Holy Shroud), Chuni Mukerji, indu philosopher and writer, Lord akenham, English Cabinet Minister, e American professors, Henry S. Lucas nd Paul Van K. Thomson. There are ineteen in all, most of them living, ach famous in his own field.

Readers will not fail to note the any and varied roads that lead to ome, and "born" Catholics will ap-reciate anew the faith that is theirs as a birthday gift!"

ADY ON THE BEACH. By Norah erg. 251 pages. Prentice-Hall. $3.00. he lady in the title is Norah Berg, ife of Old Sarge Berg, a retired Marine unnery Sergeant. The beach is Copalis each, a twelve-mile ribbon of sand on he Washington State coast. Here Norah nd Sarge dig razor clams, beachcomb, ght a confessed tendency to alcoholism, nd slum. Their neighbors—there are only two hundred of them in Ocean City—pursue similar objectives, barring perhaps the struggle against drink. Charles Samuels, who worked with Ethel Waters in *His Eye Is on the Sparrow*, collaborates with Norah in this story of Norah Berg and her odd avocation. Mr. Samuels' efforts guarantee interest. But *Lady on the Beach* is no *His Eye Is on the Sparrow*. The reader hears that the beach is lovely, the neighbors are fascinating, and the spirit of the place is clean. But all he sees are mud-bound shacks, dirty faces, and characters just enough overdone to be noticeably phony. A good enough off-beat autobiography. But not as easy to take as might be.

ST. AUGUSTINE: TREATISES ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS. 479 pages. Fathers of the Church, Inc. $5.00. This is the sixteenth volume of the new translation of the Fathers of the Church, being published by Fathers of the Church, Inc. In this volume are grouped nine of Saint Augustine's short treatises. They consider such subjects as the principles of the Christian life, lying, continence, patience, widowhood, monasticism, fasting, and certain doctrinal and scriptural questions put to Augustine by a disciple, Dulcitius. The service to the Catholic public done by these new English translations of the Fathers can scarcely be overrated. They are opening up a new world of Catholic reading to those who are unfamiliar with Latin. They provide a startling demonstration of the eternity of Catholic truth. Catholic teaching and the Catholic psychology of Augustine's day look both as new and as old as they look today—for the very good reason that they were exactly the same then as they are now. The reader has known this as a truth. These translations enable him to savor it as an experience.

PARENTS, CHILDREN AND THE FACTS OF LIFE. By Henry V. Sattler, C.SS.R. 270 pages. St. Anthony Guild. $3.00. The title of this book is a precise description of its content. It covers every phase of the question of sex instruction as parents should impart it to their children or as anybody should impart it to those who depend on him for it. A cheering sign that the Church is catching up with the hitherto runaway needs of the rapidly growing Catholic public is the appearance of books like *Parents, Children and the Facts of Life.* Sex instruction is an important, though incidental, corner of the educational field. Now, fortunately, the Chuch is able to offer, as it does here through Father Sattler, a precise and up-to-the-minute program for parents who face what to them is the most formidable item of home education for their chil-

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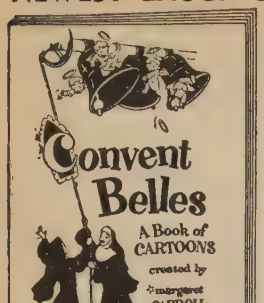

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dren. Father Sattler has called upon just about everything of value that has been written on the subject. He has done an excellent job of selecting, organizing, and presenting his material.

CATHOLIC DIGEST READER. Selected by the Editors. 500 pages. Doubleday. $3.95. Perhaps the best way to interpret this collection from the pages of the *Catholic Digest* over the past fifteen years is to call attention to the threefold division under which the Editors have elected to group their best: Religion at Its Source; Religion at Work; Religion in Persons. An introduction by Rev. James Keller keynotes the purpose of this effort as, at once, Christian, literary, and entertaining. In this era of literary collections, it is refreshing to find one that restores religion to its proper perspective in a world where men and women are faced with so much confusion concerning the real values of human life.

THE CATHOLIC MIND THROUGH 50 YEARS. Edited by Benjamin L. Masse, S. J. 681 pages. America Press. $5.00. Since 1903, the reprint monthly, *The Catholic Mind,* has rendered distinguished service to the Catholic cause. Its fifty volumes have become an authentic, available, and select sampling of twentieth-century Catholic thought in almost every conceivable field. Here under one cover are gathered the outstanding selections of the years. No one is more qualified or better placed to edit this publication than Father Masse. His touch is sure and his selection balanced. With its complete index, *The Catholic Mind Through 50 Years* forms a miniature library which should delight any thinking Catholic.

THE BETTER PART. By Theodore Maynard. 276 pages. Macmillan. $3.50. The masterful pen of Doctor Maynard, which has so often before made history an adventure, finds an exceptional opportunity in the life of Sister Miriam Teresa, of the Sisters of Charity of Convent, N. J. Teresa Demjanovich represents an interesting blend of Americanism and Catholicism. She was baptized in the Greek Catholic Rite but received permission to enter a Latin religious Community. Here was developed her appetite for perfection. In Maynard's account of her, the reader is given a realistic insight into her character, ideals, spiritual progress, and sufferings. From childhood she was the recipient of extraordinary graces—favors, however, which in no way disturbed her simplicity and obedience to authority. Teresa's is an excellent corrective example for a generation over-devoted to doing its own will. The necessary steps for promoting her cause are now under way in the proper ecclesiastical tribunals.

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SEMINARY HILL

(*Continued from page 45*)

voice cry out above the sound of the car, "No, Hugo! No! Stop! Stop!"

Then, abruptly, the staccato sound of the Ford's backfire rose above Felix' voice. It was the same sharp fusilade of explosions that had startled me the night I was in the Ford and pulled the choke. The sound ceased as abruptly as it had begun. I could hear the car continue to move out of the yard and onto the road. A sudden thought seized me, a wild suspicion, more out of my subconscious than out of my reason, but therefore more compelling, more terrifying.

I went to the rear door and unlocked and opened it. The fog was so thick it was almost immediately wet on my face. I switched on the back porch light but it made only the feeblest of impressions on the foggy dark.

I WENT out from the house into the back yard.

"What's the matter, darling?" I heard Frances' concerned voice call behind me but it seemed as if she were a mile away.

I moved across the yard to the driveway. I followed the driveway out along the house, searching the dark as I went. Then I turned and followed the driveway back toward the garage.

I had almost reached the garage when I heard a moan. It came from the yard a distance away from the driveway. I ran toward it. My mind may be escapist, but my suspicion of the purpose of the strange backfire on Hugos car had been realistic and right. Felix had been shot. He was on his knees on the ground, moaning, struggling to get to his feet.

I grabbed his arm, helped him up, steadied him. I told him not to worry. I'd get him into the house and get a doctor and everything would be all right. He had, I discovered from the blood stains later, been trying to make his way to the rear door, getting to his feet, stumbling and falling, then getting to his feet and stumbling and falling again. He had little strength left. I could feel the back of my hand wet against his coat.

Frances was still standing in the doorway and I called to her. She came, directed by my voice, and took Felix' other arm. She sobbed a little, and kept saying over and over, "What's happened? Dear God, what's happened?" but did not go into hysterics and proved a great help.

Felix tried to speak. There was something he wanted to tell us but it was not until we were on the rear porch that he had even the momentary strength for words. Then, with a hand against the door to brace himself, he said in a choked, almost inaudible voice, "Hugo —he's gone to kill Father Andrews. I— I tried to stop him—"

His hand slipped from the door and he lurched forward and it took all of Frances' and my strength to hold him up.

Now I was even more stunned. Hugo gone to kill Father Andrews! Why, I didn't know, but I knew it was true. My first impulse was to run to my car and go after Hugo. Then I realized he had too much of a start. The telephone was my only hope.

We helped Felix into the house and put him on the sofa in the den and I left Frances to make him as comfortable as she could while I rushed to the telephone and called the seminary for Father Andrews.

Father Andrews was not in his room. The priest who answered the telephone thought he might be out in the cloister walk. I became frenzied and screamed out the whole story, pleading wildly with the priest to rush out and save Father Andrews' life. The priest thought I was mad. I had to put Frances on the telephone to make him realize the truth and the need for instant action.

The moment Frances hung up I hurried back to the telephone and called the police. I told them the facts and the emergency as sanely as I could and begged them to send a doctor and an ambulance, and to come immediately.

Felix, apparently in less pain now that he was stretched out on the sofa, listened to what was being said. His eyes were wide open and sensitive to what was going on. Frances had opened his shirt collar and was keeping his face cool with cold towels. She had also given him a small glass of brandy. I could see a dark, irregular stain on the breast of the coat of his black, seminary suit.

Those minutes were almost beyond bearing. Hugo was well on his way up Seminary Hill, and there was nothing I could do to stop him. And here was this boy on the sofa before me while we waited for the doctor and ambulance to come from town twelve miles away. I kept calling the seminary but could get no answer.

FELIX had not said a word, nor had he tried to, since on the rear porch he told me of Hugo. But after a while, helped, I supposed, by the brandy, he began to talk. His mind was reasonably clear when he began, but toward the end he became hazy and it was not always immediately understandable just what he was trying to say.

"I am going to die," he began in a whisper, "I must talk to you before I die—

"I am ashamed," he whispered. "I must speak before I die—I have deceived you." He turned his face toward

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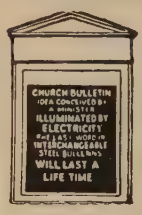
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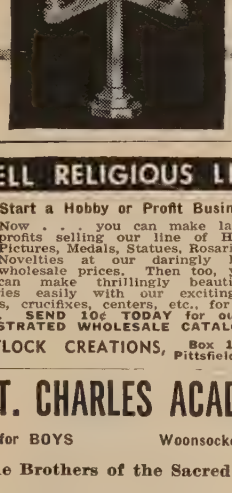

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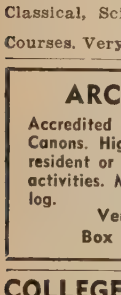

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Frances. "You have been friends—I have deceived you in a great deceit—you—your country—I have lived a great evil—I must speak before I die."

He held still for a moment, then, he whispered, "Hugo is my superior—not my uncle. We came to your country as enemies—to destroy your church from within—we came as saboteurs."

It was dumbfounding, this revelation, and was made immediately believable only by the even more dumbfounding fact that Hugo was at that moment on his way to kill the saintly Father Andrews and that before my eyes lay this boy, possibly dying.

Little by little, brokenly, Felix told the whole story. He and Hugo and others in the service of the Soviet had come to this country to infiltrate the ministry and the priesthood here, dedicated to the ultimate subversion of the church and thus, eventually, of the people.

"I would have gone on—I was a soldier—under orders," he went on, choking, speaking with difficulty, "but—but something happened—I began to hate Father Andrews as I had never hated a man before—I thought I would have to kill him." He paused a moment for strength and then, turning his face toward Frances, almost inaudibly whispered, "The more I hated Father Andrews—the more he loved me. I could not endure it."

When he had said this, he closed his eyes as if he had said all. But after a while he began to talk again. It became clear that in the seminary—in the classroom, at the altar, in the persons of Hugo and Father Andrews—the two radically antagonistic faiths and philosophies had met head on, had met as they could meet nowhere else. The feeling that some strange and tragic drama had been unfolding here in the shadow of Seminary Hill I, as I have written, had long entertained, but never had I any suspicion of a drama so strange and tragic as this.

I remember Felix, his eyes closed, saying, "It was snowing—I went from the altar and spat the host out on the snow."

A little while after that, he whispered, "I hated Father Andrews—like I hated Christ."

Then, later, his eyes opened, he said, "Good Friday—that was my worst day. I crucified myself. I could not go on."

So went the tortured story. That morning—Easter Sunday morning—in chapel he had seen Father Andrews enter the confessional and on a sudden impulse he had gone in.

"Not to be absolved—I didn't go in for that—not to be converted—not for that." His voice faltered, and it was a moment before he could go on. "It was the torment—my hating him—his affection for me—I could not endure it

onger. I had to tell him the truth be-ore I left. I knew he could never be-ray me."

That afternoon, when Hugo ordered elix to return to the seminary, he told Hugo he could never return—he told im he had confessed all to Father An-rews—and it was then he and Hugo ad their deadly quarrel.

Hugo was maniacal with the belief hat Father Andrews would never keep he seal of confession, that he would go traightway to the authorities. He im-hediately had gone to kill Father An-rews. Felix had leaped into the car o stop him. Then, Hugo had shot him.

"Poor Hugo," he whispered, "he can-ot harm Father Andrews—he can kill im but he cannot harm him."

Those were about the last words he aid to me.

Felix' mind was fading. "Christ, are ou here?" he kept moaning. "Are you rue, Christ? Are you here?"

I realized from the boy's words then hat his struggle with himself had by no neans ended with his visit to the con-essional that afternoon.

Then, over Felix' moaning, I heard a ar drive slowly along the house into the ard in back. It continued on to the arage. I was sure it was Hugo.

I rushed in panic to lock the door.

But it was not Hugo. It was Father ndrews. His voice called out in the og to me as he approached the house.

He was hatless and his face and gray-lond hair were shining wet from the og. His eyes were solemn and his nouth was drawn, and it was clear he ad had his day of torment, too. The riest who had answered the telephone ad warned him of the peril of Hugo's oming but Father Andrews had rushed own to see Felix. He had taken the irst car he could find, the rector's car hich had been parked by the seminary ntrance.

He had passed a Ford crawling up eminary Hill in the fog and that could ave been Hugo, he said quietly in nswer to my worried question as we ent to the den. He was obviously not oncerned about Hugo or himself. He ad only Felix on his mind.

As we entered the den, Felix raised is head with great effort and looked up t Father Andrews. His eyes were vague, loudy.

"Christ, are you here?" he whispered s he had been whispering. "Are you rue, Christ? Are you here?"

Father Andrews sat quickly down on he sofa beside the boy. I left, closing he door behind me.

Frances was seated in the living room, ner head in her hands, sobbing her heart ut. I put my arm around her. There was nothing I could say that would help t that moment so I said nothing.

It was because of Frances sobbing that

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I did not hear the back door open.

When I first discovered him he was already in the hall moving toward the front of the house. He had left the Ford at the foot of the hill, I found out later, undoubtedly so that there would be no sound of his approach.

He wore a black felt hat, high on his high forehead, and walked with a short nervous step, throwing around him, as he went, the quick, taut looks of a man on a frantic search.

He saw me. He stopped, thrust his huge head forward. "Where is he?" he demanded grimly, his bulging eyes fixing mine.

My main feeling at that instant was not fear but fury at myself. Why had I not relocked the door? I should have known this madman would return. My concern for Father Andrews forced me to get a grip on myself.

"The police are on their way," I said with as much authority as I could command. "They'll be here in seconds. If you have any sense you'll get out of here."

"Why do you warn me of the police?" He had instantly seen through my poor strategy and his words were cold with contempt. "Where is Felix?"

I realized then he had no idea Father Andrews was in the house. He had evidently not associated the rector's car in the yard with the priest—if, in the fog, he had seen the car at all. It was news of Felix he wanted. I suspected from his clothes, soaking wet from the fog, he had been groping around out in the yard before coming to the house.

"Where is his body—that's what you mean, isn't it?" I grew bold, knowing now the cause of his hurry and uneasiness.

At that moment, Frances, coming out of the living room and discovering him, screamed. It was a long, piercing scream such as I had never heard in my life before, the scream of one whose nerves had finally reached the breaking point.

At the scream, Hugo whipped a black, snub-barrelled automatic out of the inside pocket of his coat. The scream had shaken him. He held the revolver against his body to steady his hand.

"I will kill you!" he shouted. "Where is Felix?"

He might well have killed me there and then, had not the door of the den opened. Father Andrews came out.

Father Andrews had heard Hugo's last words and, as he came through the door, he said quietly, "If it's Felix you want, Hugo, you've come several seconds too late."

Hugo, startled, spun around. The hand holding the revolver dropped. He was astounded at discovering Father Andrews calmly approaching him.

Father Andrews came openly toward him. "But if it's me you want, Hugo," he went on as quietly as before, "here I

. I have just seen a martyr go to his gnificent reward. He is even now, it ld be, in the presence of his smiling rd. I shall consider it a privilege to able to follow him."

ather Andrews stopped before him. ou seem ill at ease, Hugo," he said. ou were sure I was on my way to police, weren't you?" Then he added lly, "How little you know, Hugo—w little of me—how little of Him ose poor servant I am."

Suddenly, the siren of the police am-lance rose from the road in the dis-nce. It rose and fell, its whine taking an eerie tone in the heavy fog.

Hugo's head snapped back, fiercely rt. He was no longer the searcher. was the hunted. Slowly, with a like caution, he turned, backed away wn the hall toward the rear door.

Father Andrews did not take his eyes him.

Hugo reached the door, which was l open as he had left it when he de his surreptitious entrance. He cked into the doorway, the dark fog irling thick as smoke behind him. He od there and slowly leveled the re-lver at Father Andrews.

Father Andrews looked down at the volver. In an even voice, he said, "It only martyrs who can destroy the l you stand for, Hugo."

Hugo's hand and the revolver began shake. It was as if Hugo, facing Fa-er Andrews, was facing a reality so mpletely outside his experience that was bewildered before it.

The silence became deep, harrowing. Then, into the silence, the siren, arer, again rose and fell.

Hugo grew taut. Abruptly, as if some-ng in him had snapped, he wheeled und and rushed wildly out into the g and dark.

The tension broke. I was in a cold eat. I felt as if I was going to reel d fall. But Father Andrews grabbed y arm with a strong, firm hand and rned me and led me back into the ing room.

"I'm afraid our Frances has fainted," said quietly.

Hugo made his way some thirty miles the coast highway before running to a police road block that had been t for him. But Hugo, as always, had s own ideas. He drove the Ford at full eed off the road and down a steep em-nkment into the ocean.

The Ford was found, wrecked, in shal-w water at low tide the next day. But, w after five weeks, no trace of Hugo's dy has been found.

It is, I think, this last curious circum-nce as much as any other that has ally persuaded my dear Frances to ree, in some measure at least, with my nple and commonplace belief that ere is more to life than meets the eye.

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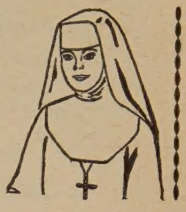

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LETTERS

(Continued from Page 4)

Sticks and Stones

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

As so many others have, you give Ev Peron something of a whitewash. In Fath McDonough's "Sign Post" for Novembe in reply to R. C., he says she ". . . do seem to have deserved their admiration an gratitude as a *philanthropist*" (itali mine).

If she were described as a social reforme via the Robin Hood method of taxing gain favor with the poor, I could agre Anyone can be generous with someon else's money.

Please don't jump to the defense of eve 'Catholic' scoundrel.

W. ALLEN CONROY, M. I
SAN RAFAEL, CALIF.

Constructive

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

The article dealing with the Archdioce of Chicago's refuge for unmarried mothe demonstrates once more THE SIGN's willin ness to deal constructively with social prob lems.

LAWRENCE E. MCALLISTE
FLUSHING, N. Y.

Who's Backhanded?

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In your December issue, on page 12, yo made the following Christmas wish: "W wish Jews an escape from the fate of exci ing snide remarks. A deliverance from th injustice of being judged by the poore specimens of their race." I think your wis is less than kind. In fact, I think it lacking in true Christian charity, and suc a reference to the Jews is in itself a snid remark. If that is all you can wish th Jews, it would have been better not express it.

I like your magazine for its book review and its question box. At least your mag zine is not of the milk sop variety, which there are too many in Catholic ci cles.

(MISS) MARY M. ROCH
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Innuendo

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

On page 10 of the December issue, yo caption the picture at the top of the page "UMW boss, John L. Lewis, and head c coal operators, Harry M. Moses, have agree on a wage scale. Will this mean anothe big price hike for the poor consumer?"

A question of this kind carries a subtl anti-union innuendo and is distinctly ou of place in a Catholic publication.

A much better caption could have read "UMW leader, John L. Lewis, and head c coal operators, Harry M. Moses, hav agreed on a wage scale. Perhaps this bring a little closer the day when the miners wi receive a just share of the profits they ear for the industry."

LOIS STEFURA
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